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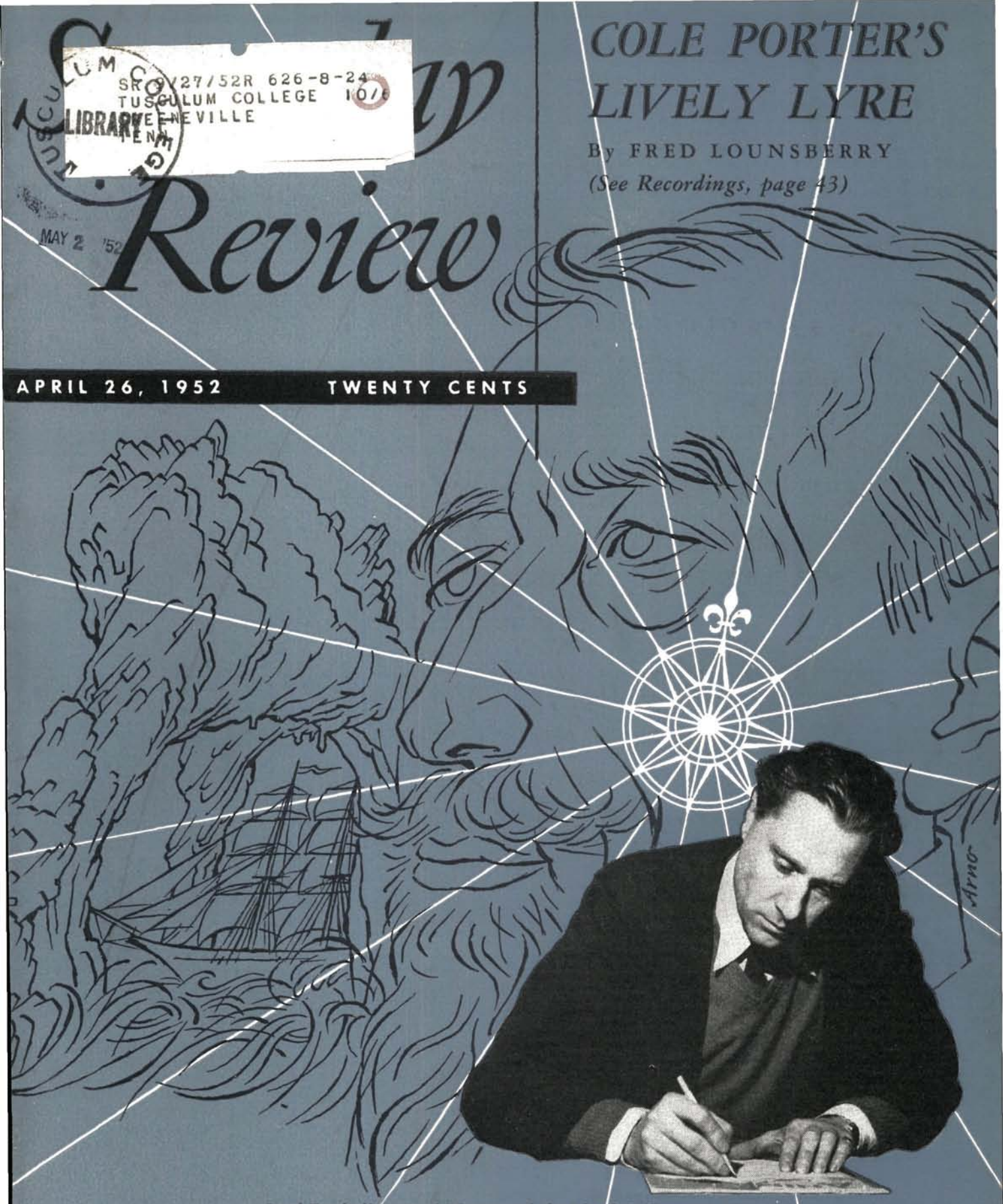
Saturday Review

COLE PORTER'S LIVELY LYRE

By FRED LOUNSBERRY

(See Recordings, page 43)

APRIL 26, 1952 TWENTY CENTS



Carol Reed, director of "Outcast of the Islands." (See page 28)

Enough of Toughmindedness!

BY PETER VIERECK

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". . . free as a nation and financially independent as individuals."

OLIVER P. ECHOLS

Chairman of the Board, Northrop Aircraft, Inc.

"For nearly every American, systematic saving during productive years is the best means of insuring future security. We at Northrop Aircraft believe in the Payroll Savings Plan. We feel that bond purchases contribute greatly toward keeping us free as a nation and financially independent as individuals."

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- When Mr. Echols' Committee was formed, 17 major airframe manufacturers and 11 major suppliers, employing 400,000 workers, had a total of 80,000 employees enrolled in the Payroll Savings Plan.
- At Mr. Echols' request all 28 companies agreed to conduct person-to-person canvasses among their employees.
- The first companies to complete their canvasses report a total of more than 70,000 new Payroll Savers bringing the industry total to more than 150,000 participants.
- In the first reports on campaigns, average payroll participation (companies reporting) went from 20% to 32%. Latest indications are that the average participation—all 28 companies—will be well over 50% by the time the canvasses are completed.
- It is estimated that the 70,000 new Payroll Savers already added to the Plan through the co-operation of Mr. Echols and his Committee will purchase more than 15 million dollars worth of Series E Defense Bonds during the next twelve months.

Has *every* employee of your company been offered an opportunity to enroll in the Payroll Savings Plan? If not, phone, wire or write to Savings Bond Division, U. S. Treasury Department, Suite 700, Washington Building, D. C. Your State Director will help you conduct a person-to-person canvass.

Typical Companies Reporting Results of Person-to-Person Canvasses, Payroll Savings Plan.

	Before Canvass	After Canvass
Hughes Aircraft	38.7%	85.8%
Continental Motors	10%	70%
Boeing Aircraft	17.8%	55.1%
Rohr Aircraft	1.3%	77.6%
Solar Aircraft	1.8%	60.5%
Bell Aircraft	14%	50%

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FOOTLOOSE AND FANCY FREE

MEMO TO NEWSPAPER EDITORS: TRAVEL TODAY IS NEWS AS WELL AS FUN.

Millions of Americans are traveling more widely today both at home and abroad, than ever before. Travel these days is not only a form of recreation, it is an unequaled means of education.

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Sutton, Travel Editor of The Saturday Review, is always either on his way to or returning from some exotic place in quest of fresh, first-hand news for the tourist.

He is the "Footloose Man" whose weekly syndicated column in leading newspapers wittily reports to readers on places, developments, personalities and trends along the travel front.

During the past year he has been in France, North Africa, Italy, Switzerland, England, Monaco, Mexico, Guatemala, Canada, as well as all over the United States gathering the latest news of travel to help tourists plan their own trips.

HORACE SUTTON

By plane, camel, steamship, car and rail he tracks down the colorful facts and brings them home in proper season for subscribing newspapers every week.

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The Saturday Review

APRIL 26, 1952

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Good News

▸ Pressing its campaign to re-educate juvenile delinquents, the Lebanese Government is providing a series of workshops where these young people can learn a handicraft and earn a living. Special wings for minor offenders have been created in the prisons of Lebanon's main cities, where young illiterates are taught how to read and write, away from the influence of hardened criminals. An institution for rehabilitation of juvenile delinquents has been set up with an annual allotment of 136,000 Lebanese pounds—about $45,000.

▸ The small boats that bring essential supplies to some twenty outlying villages in southeast Alaska have begun to carry a new cargo—books from the first "traveling library" in Alaska. In these isolated communities numbering between fifty and six hundred inhabitants, sea transport is the only means of communication with the outside world. Books are moved from one harbor to another by the small boats plying regularly in the region. Plans are now being made for the library service to be extended to the Alaskan interior by plane and dog team.

▸ Four French schools have taken advantage of the opening of the UNESCO Gift Coupon Program in France to help crippled children in Poland. School boys and girls have bought gift stamps for the Swiebodzin Home for Crippled Children which will buy occupational therapy equipment such as rug-weaving shuttles. Part of the money comes from a girls' school at Caen, which was itself heavily damaged during the war.

▸ In Stafford Springs, Conn., State Police Lieut. Harry Taylor praised two of his men for arresting a suspected thief and cited them for "service above and beyond the call of duty." Unable to furnish a $3,000 bond the suspected farmer pleaded with the police to permit him to return to the farm to milk the cows. The two arresting officers not only milked and fed the cows, but fed the chickens and a pig, and cleaned the barn in a two-hour chore.

▸ A Twentieth Century Fund study says that dairy cattle have been expanding their numbers at a firmly established long-term rate—about two million per decade.

▸ John G. Skully, last bachelor among twenty-five Americans at Blackpool Technical College in England, was just married.

"The many readers who took A TREE GROWS IN BROOKLYN *straight to their hearts can look forward to something similar in this first novel of an Armenian family in Massachusetts.*

"For there is an admirable simplicity and a catching tenderness in this portrayal of Setrak Dinjyan, the expert shoe-stitcher who is constantly changing jobs because his pitiful wages are never enough to care for the needs of his family. And there is sympathy too for Leo, the eldest son, crippled on the day of his christening in an accident for which his father feels guilty. And there's Sarah, who stays late at school to add to the family income, and ten year old Varant who sings like an angel and hitches dangerous rides because he 'likes to move on wheels', and little Sato who only wants a blue hat and patent leather shoes. Nor will you quickly forget Manoog the shopkeeper, the father's only confidante, as he serves his friend strong Raki, tangy olives and cheeses from the old country. And all will share in Setrak's triumph, at the end, when his fabulous skill at Tavloo (backgammon) brings them fortune from an unexpected quarter . . . A book which for all its alien roots communicates an intimate reality and a warm emotion and which makes a direct appeal to a potentially wide audience." —VIRGINIA KIRKUS

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BY RICHARD HAGOPIAN

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CHARLES SCRIBNER'S SONS

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TRADE Winds

CUSTOMARY PEACE AND QUIET hovered over the spacious inner sanctum of Anthony Bump, the midtown publisher. True, the radio, reporting details of an early season Giants-Dodgers game, was turned on a bit louder than usual. And the group watching a Yankee-Red Sox encounter on television tended to wax obstreperous from time to time. The advertising manager was in one corner moaning, "Every time I make a slight mistake you dredge up something I did wrong in 1937," and the sales manager, obviously delighted with his gift for coining phrases, kept repeating, "Anybody who doesn't publish his hard-boiled, realistic novels on a Thursday or Saturday is simply guilty of damn Poore planning." But these disturbances were relatively minor. It was Anthony Bump himself who threw the bombshell.

An inning of the televised ball game had come to a close, and Bump, humming a Ballantine jingle, had picked up an advance copy of a book section. Suddenly he cried, "This is an outrage! Get that darn secretary of mine out of the washroom and tell her I want to dictate a letter!"

Mr. Bump's secretary arrived in the usual twenty minutes, and opened her notebook. The enraged Mr. Bump, chewing his handkerchief and pacing wildly up and down the office, declaimed, "Sir: The review of our new best-seller in your still-oddly-respected sheet is a disgrace. I demand to know by what thought process you assigned the wittiest and cleverest biography of the year to the most pompous and humorless stuffed shirt in town—a man, furthermore, whose obvious self-interest prejudiced him hopelessly from the start. The piece that he wrote for you will hurt our book, yes—but it will hurt the reputation of your review section infinitely more. Indignantly, etc., etc. . . ."

Mr. Bump's secretary left the room (pausing to pilfer three Hershey Bars en route) and I was amazed to notice Bump himself relax completely and break into a beatific smile. "Isn't the man to whom you just addressed that blast a personal friend of yours?" I asked. "And aren't you risking reprisals with such intemperate language?"

Bump's jaw dropped. "You don't think I'm going to *mail* that letter?" he asked incredulously. "When I dictate that kind of thing my secretary never even bothers to type it. She knows I'm just blowing off steam. As soon as the words are out of my system I feel fine again."

"I guess everybody has to conduct his life in his own peculiar way," I remarked dubiously, "but it seems to me you're placing quite a burden on your secretary's judgment. Doesn't she ever pull a boner?"

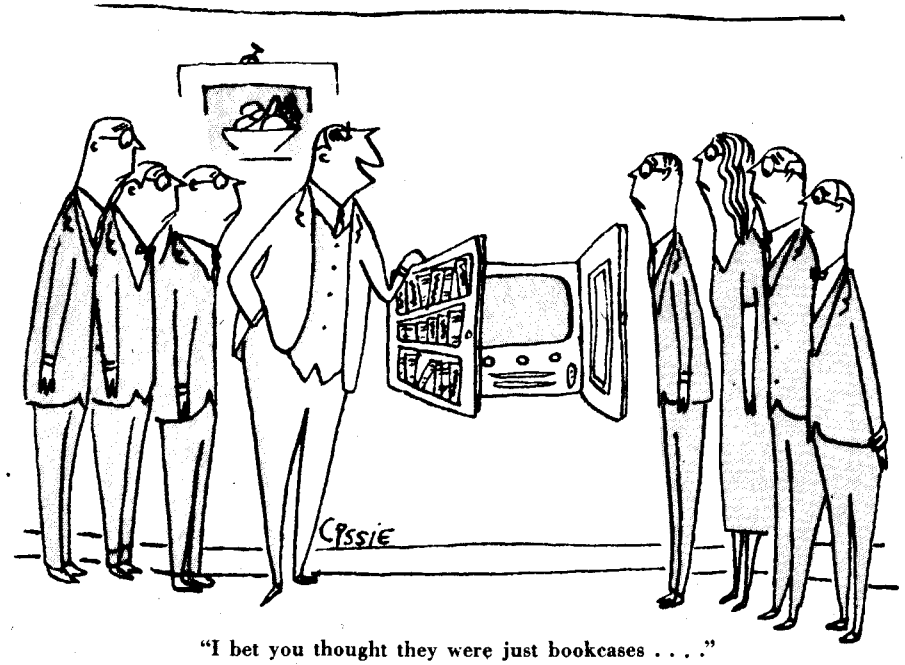
Anthony Bump reflected for a moment, then admitted, "She does seem to be going a bit too far with her censorship lately. Take yesterday, for instance. I dictated twenty-four letters and she only typed two of them. Guess I'll have to speak sharply to her one of these afternoons. Ch well—here comes Mickey Mantle to bat. If you'll give me fourteen to one, I'll bet he tries a drag bunt out toward second." . . .

THE DEATH OF ROBERT VAN GELDER at forty-seven, coming as it did so soon after the demise of Charles Scribner, Sam Lowe, and Gil Goodkind, threw a pall of gloom over the whole of Publishers' Row. "It's getting to a point," mourned one publisher, "where I read the obituary column every morning before I get up. Only when I'm sure my own name isn't in it do I dress and go down to the office."

Van Gelder will be remembered not only for his capable editorship of *The New York Times* Book Review, and his brilliant interviews with literary celebrities printed therein, but because unwittingly he brought to a temporary end an era when wild and totally unjustified advances were being tossed around by over-eager publishers. The news that Bob was quitting his post on the *Times* to write a novel brought a dozen publishers rushing to his home, waving contracts before him. He finally decided that he would sign nothing until his book was finished. Then he proposed to show it simultaneously to three he had selected from the pack, and weigh their offers. He had completed only a couple of chapters, however, when one of the publishers, growing impatient, offered him a twenty-thousand-dollar advance to sign on the dotted line. Bob, a man of honor, asked the other two publishers what he should do. Both urged him to grab the offer before it was withdrawn, adding that it was at least four times what they would dream of offering him themselves.

The fact that royalties actually earned from the sale of Van Gelder's novel didn't begin to cover the advance was beside the point. Long before his book was finished publishers —including the one who had given him the twenty thousand—suddenly realized that things were getting out of hand, and that heedless competition of this sort spelled disaster for everybody.

INORDINATE ADVANCES have ruined many more good authors than they have helped. Nothing demoralizes an author so completely as a realization that he has spent all the possible earnings—and more—of a book before he's even started writing it. Writers who follow the practice long enough al-



"I bet you thought they were just bookcases . . . ."

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a *Singular* "first person"

'MIDST ALL the glib generalizations about paper-bound books these days, you'll find much unenlightened comment about which are the books that sell.

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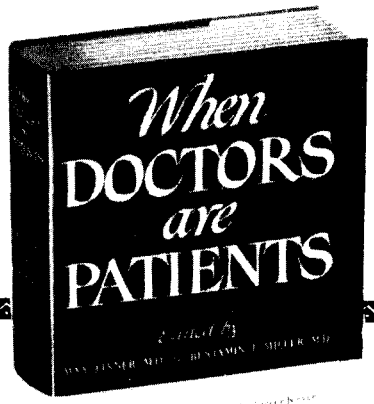

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"WHEN DOCTORS ARE PATIENTS is an adult book written for all mature minds and anyone who reads it will do so with profit and enjoyment."—*Book Find News*

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most always find themselves hopelessly in debt, grinding out hack work at a feverish pace to keep one step ahead of the sheriff.

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BECAUSE LLOYD MORRIS, in his gay recollections of "Incredible New York," asserted that "the superb, peerless legs of Miss Frankie Bailey, an irreplaceable treasure of the public domain, were registered for copyright at the Library of Congress," he found himself called upon for a bill of particulars by David Mearns, chief of the Manuscript Division of that hallowed institution. How was the deed done, demanded Mr. Mearns. Did it involve actual deposit, or was some less harrowing procedure adopted? "We find no record of the episode in our files," concluded Mr. Mearns mournfully, "although we *can* produce Boyeson's 'Golden Calf,' Cooper's 'Leather Stocking Tales,' 'A Girl of the Limberlost,' and other extremities of fiction." Morris quoted Felix Isman's biography of Weber and Fields as his source, and added that just possibly copyright was applied for on a *photograph* of Miss Bailey's celebrated gams. "Your memory," answered Mr. Mearns, "is infallible. It brings to mind Max Beerbohm's observation that history does not really repeat itself; historians merely repeat one another. Whatever the facts, Miss Bailey's embellishments are certainly no longer in the Library of Congress. Perhaps, in the lingo of the Copyright Office, they were returned to claimant!"

ONE MAN WHO UNDOUBTEDLY appreciated Miss Bailey's nether extremities in his youth is today the third vice-president of a bank patronized by a number of publishing executives. He's past seventy now, but girls in his organization still make wide detours to escape his pinching forays. Last week, however, he barely looked up when the glamorous Marlene Dietrich ankled by. "Get a load of old H.A.W.," marveled a member of the staff. "I'm afraid his eyes are on their last legs."

—BENNETT CERF.

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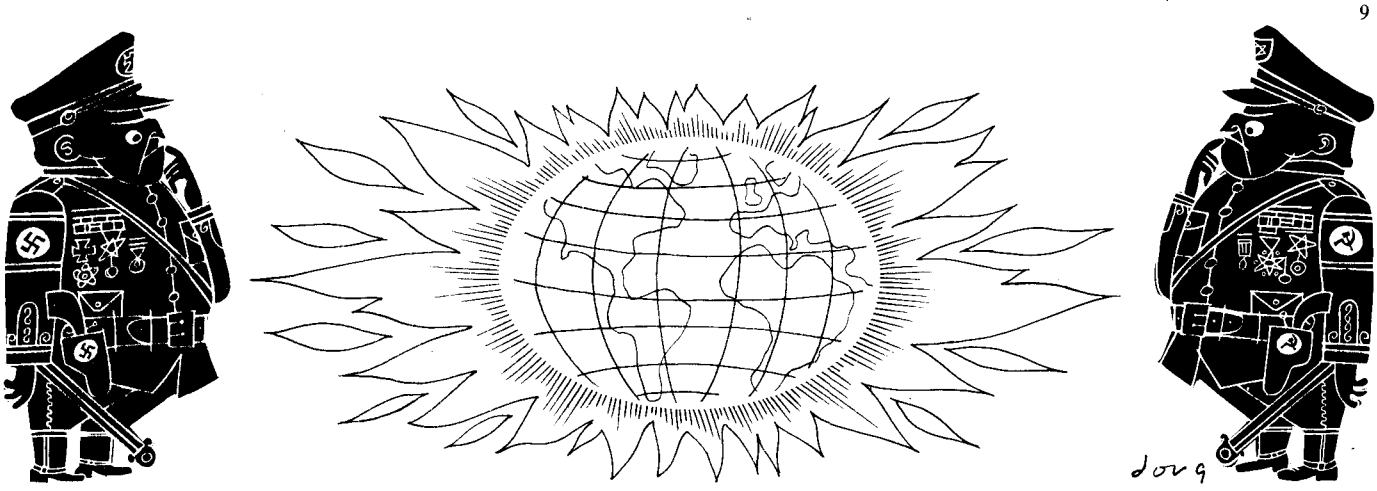

Enough of Toughmindedness!

PETER VIERECK

—*Eric Stahlberg.*
Peter Viereck

AFTER enduring both world wars, Alfred North Whitehead concluded—and our small politicians might listen to a great philosopher—that "the future of civilization depends on a moral approach to all problems." "All" includes politics and economics. Our most creative anti-Communist political thinkers are increasingly in accord with Whitehead's conclusion. They are also in accord with George Orwell's conclusion—it sounds so obvious but took society so long to learn—that you cannot defeat totalitarianism by becoming totalitarian yourself.

The key word of the new epoch must be "humanity," from which "*humani nil a me alienum puto.*" The rediscovered sense of humanity embraces both trade unionists and businessmen in its joint parliamentary framework. It resists Soviet Fascism not in the name of American nationalism but in the name of freedom. Thereby it welcomes, rather than hates, the freedom-loving peoples of the USSR, whose true attitude toward us (if only our propaganda would do more to nurture it) is shown not by Stalin's fake "elections" but by the millions of desertions westward. These desertions, done at fearful risk and symbolized by Madame Kasenkina's leap to freedom and Masaryk's leap to death, are the most valid popular plebiscite ever voted by the slaves of the Iron Curtain.

Being deepened by its ethical, non-economic connotation of "Christian compassion," the key-word "humanity" must be sharply distinguished from "the masses," that cold, brutal, shallow slogan of the toughminded left. "The masses" connotes a seething yeast of blind hates and exclusively economic cravings: "the century of the common man." "Humanity" means the coming century of the individual man, the prevention of "1984." The "humanity"-centered new conservatism, which may follow the fall of the Soviet mass-state, means humanely exalting the individual above all statisms, above the masses, above the class hates of the left, above the national hates of the right.

Man's oldest spiritual aspiration is the search for "values." The word is here used in the sense of universal ethical values, relatively objective, arising from but ultimately transcending material needs. This basic human aspiration has been starved during the past decades of a generation that praised or damned Munich pacts and Yalta pacts on grounds solely of expediency rather than of the problem of evil. Of course the chickens of the Munich-Yalta generation are now coming home to roost: expediency turns out to be less expedient than the "old-fashioned Victorian" decency of being prejudiced against murderers. At such a crucial turning-point in our ethical and political chaos, our most sensitive and seismographic thinkers are more than ever hungering for universal values of justice and righteousness deeper than opportunism and short-run self-interest.

THIS hunger is crying out more and more explicitly and will not be denied: in philosophy and in politics, in poetry and in sociology. Examples in these various fields are the new books of the 1950's by Eliseo Vivas, Hyatt Waggoner, Francis Wilson, Daniel Aaron, Hannah Arendt, John Hallowell. Not that these authors agree with each other. Far from it. But whether leftist or rightist they share an anti-totalitarian crusade based not on economics and materialism but on "values."

For example, Hallowell attacks in politics, as Vivas does in philosophy, the Marxist, Freudian, and other materialistic interpretations (including capitalist materialism) that see the traditional values of the West as mere masks for subjective appetites. Less abstractly, the books of Wilson, Waggoner, Arendt, and Aaron share this reaction against the cynicism of our

---

Peter Viereck, Pulitzer prize winning poet and professor of history at Mount Holyoke College, is author of several books including "Conservatism Revisited" and the forthcoming "Shame and Glory of the Intellectual: Babbitt Jr. vs. The Rediscovery of Values."

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older generation. Having become disillusioned with everything else, disillusionment loses its illusions even about disillusionment and fulfils itself in the old, derided, "outdated" idealism. But this time the idealism is less foggy and naive, more sober, sophisticated, and chastened than before its dark ordeal.

We know from the skeletons of Belsen and Katyn what went on during that "dark night"—that "darkness at noon," as one of its bitterest chroniclers called it. Meanwhile, what was being preached by our progressives and liberals, our supposed lovers of progress and liberty? Their record on facing the Nazi evil was relatively honest, but how did they face its Soviet twin? Tough-mindedness was the fashion. Humaneness, in regard to means used, was derided. Here is one example. I quote not from some medieval Tartar terrorist, fawning for bakshish and hashish at the feet of his Great Khan, but from a personally decent, kindly, and intelligent modern philosopher, thoroughly educated in the Western values in which he tragically lost faith. Here is his comment (in *Soviet Russia Today*, August 1937) on the tortures and devilish frame-ups of the Moscow purge "trials":

> I do not like any sort of bloodshed. But I can hardly blame the Soviet Government for dealing sternly with the plotters and wreckers. . . . The utopian liberals . . . overflowing with sweetness and light, believe that vast social changes can be brought about with the same politeness and restraint that characterizes an afternoon tea-party.

In other words: to resist some of the foulest mass murders in history is defined and derided as "utopian." Behold the "Machiavellian" *reductio ad absurdum* of Karl Marx's famous attack on the utopian Socialists.

The Lumpen-intellectual's corybantic prostration before brute despotism may pass itself off as both "tough-minded" and "strong." But actually toughness is never synonymous with strength. Nor with bravery. The opposite of the bully's toughness is not the sissy's weakness ("afternoon tea party") but *true* strength. True strength bravely champions the weak and overthrows the bully in the name of "utopian" decencies. Knightly chivalry, which prefers death in the underground movement to the dishonor of party-line sycophancy, is another of the "corny," "conservative," and "Victorian" virtues that modernity can more easily satirize than live without.

The above quotation deserves the most serious reading and re-reading. It helps us understand the bombed-out rubble to which our "tough-minded" elders reduced a value-heritage of thirty centuries.

To keep the record straight *equally* between left and right, the following parallel must be added. The year 1937 witnessed not only the above callous comment and its echoes in the liberal "non-Communist" magazines, it witnessed equally callous *conservative* sneers about the "utopian liberal protests" against Nazi atrocities. The toughness of the Munich-Yalta Thirties and Forties, like the nascent new idealism of the Fifties, cuts across the absurdly overemphasized distinctions between so-called right and left in politics or between so-called capitalism and Socialism in economics. Man does not live by economics alone. Endowed with the utopian aspirations he calls his "soul" and goaded into crime or greatness by the gap between his soul and his Freudian "Id," man lives ultimately—even in politics and economics—by non-material ethical distinctions.

Let us consider representative thinkers of the newer, saner utopianism of the Fifties. A typical example is the political evolution (from his tough-mindedness of the Thirties to his present humane liberalism) of Professor Daniel Aaron. Today he is one of the ablest leaders of the liberal Americans for Democratic Action movement. His recent book, "Men of Good Hope," is important as symbolizing a promising turning-point. Towards what? Perhaps towards a new and better trend in America's understanding of its own heritage of freedom.

IN order to study the nature of freedom, Aaron mostly analyzes those American thinkers and crusaders who happened to be liberals and progressives, namely: Emerson, Theodore Parker, Henry George, Edward Bellamy, William Dean Howells, and Veblen. Aaron might just as well have analyzed only conservatives and enlightened Tories—as do such current parallel books as Francis Wilson's "The Case for Conservatism" and Hyatt Waggoner's "Heel of Elohim"—and he would have reached the same conclusions through a different path. Aaron through American progressives, Wilson through humanistic conservatives like Edmund Burke and Paul Elmer More, and Waggoner through modern anti-materialistic poets, all reach the same conclusion: civilization depends on rediscovering the lofty and generous values of the spirit, too long mocked as utopian, and on repudiating a mean-spirited materialism, too long honored as "realistic."

Hannah Arendt's "Origins of Totalitarianism" reaches the same conclusions. She reaches them not through studying great progressives or great

(*Continued on page* 37)

Troopship Sailing

By Francis Minturn Howard

GOODBYE goodbye goodbye; the white hand turning,
Gull's wing churning a wake through the sky, propellor
Flying, flying the blind seas,
Brass sunlight spurting out in thick gold bars
From the trumpet's big wide brazen boastful mouth
Thumping a loud tune, strong tune, brave tune
Against the widening space, the sea, the sky
Suddenly larger, the ship growing smaller, the shouting
Dying upon the waves, the clustered faces
Blurred as if seen through water sparkling dimly—
The laughing mouths, the features now cohesive
Running together on a fading deck,
The lifted hand, the spot of white: Goodbye
And God knows which of these the waves
Dog-servant waves, will bear us back again
Or how or where or when; Goodbye, Goodbye—
Only the ship at last remained a fact—
Receding ship, and hand lifting and falling,
Chronometer of time and of all ships
That bear young men out on embattled oceans
With memories patchy as imperfect snapshots
To be fondled in loneliness, and the bitter water running
Salt-silver, blurred by weeks and months and years
Between and down the separated faces.

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People. *Three Britishers who have become part of the American heritage are the subjects of biographical works reviewed this week. Dr. Johnson's James Boswell, whose importance as a literary figure in his own right has been growing with the publication of his complete papers, is represented by "Boswell in Holland, 1763-1764" (below), a volume of notes and letters written immediately after the period of the "London Journal." Because the British theatrical tradition is to tightly linked to our own, the biography of Henry Irving by his son (page 12) should hold a strong interest for followers of the American stage. Many of us forget that Charlie Chaplin was born and bred in England and still is a British subject. On page 13 Arthur Knight reviews the two newest additions to the fast-expanding Chaplin shelf. As one of them, Robert Payne's "The Great God Pan," establishes, Chaplin is the heir to a rich comic tradition, not merely British but universal.*

Tender Tears & Acid Ink

BOSWELL IN HOLLAND, 1763-1764. *By James Boswell. Edited by Frederick A. Pottle. New York: McGraw-Hill Book Co. 433 pp. $6.*

By Leonard Bacon

ALTHOUGH this strange and splendid book is perhaps not so much like a thunderbolt as its predecessor, "Boswell's London Journal, 1762-1763," it is, in its somewhat different way, as remarkable and interesting as that work, in which the art of the journalist was never better exemplified or concealed. To give an adequate account of this second volume, a very small part of which has seen print before, would take the reviewer out of bounds. But, briefly, the new venture is not so much a journal as the absolutely fascinating notes for a journal; plus a fragment of the finished product, of which the main part vanished nearly two centuries ago on the way back to England; plus a large number of pertinent letters to and from Boswell; plus selections from the themes which daily improved Boswell's French during his ten months in Holland (often as vivid as the notes), plus selections from the "poems" (five heroic couplets written daily, and, generally, comically bad, yet with their interest); plus a number of superbly reported dialogues, tender, or humorous, or both; plus, finally, the complex of letters written, except for one, after Boswell left Holland, which center around the sensitive, original, and eccentric Belle de Zuylen (Zélide), her own Boswell's, her father's, and her brother's, which taken together beggar description.

Professor Pottle, who has done his job to perfection, is evidently right when he suggests that the daily notes on yesterday's performance and today's project are perhaps more piercing and revealing as they stand than they might have been, more artistically disposed in the lost journal. Certainly the journal could hardly have told us more than these jottings, lighted up as they are by other documents which have been chosen with brilliant editorial ingenuity. Magnificent judgment has made the most of incomparable material.

When "Mr." Johnson, on August 6, 1763, saw his young friend board the packet at Harwich, bound for Holland, where Boswell, bowing to his father's will, was to study civil law at Utrecht, he could not foresee that the younger man would fall within a week or so into a maniac melancholy. Boswell hated Utrecht at first sight. And his account of his hideous depression makes sad reading. I for one will never dispute the reality of that horror of great darkness which overcame him, and from which he fled like a frightened beast to another city where a new friend helped him to pull himself together. Somewhat recovered from his psychopathic sickness he returned to Utrecht, whence on September 23 he wrote another young Scot, Johnston (the first reader of the London Journal), that it was thanks to Samuel Johnson's essays and the favor of God that he was back on an even keel. Already he was living, as far as lay in his power, according to the principles of the curious "Inviolable Plan," as queer a guide to conduct as a young man ever drew

up. It covers everything from the causes of melancholy to preparation for the felicity of the Blessed. It especially prohibited idleness, and to that he clove.

In October he was so fortunate as to get to know Belle de Zuylen, who could laugh at oddity without disliking it. At first ambivalence describes his attitude toward her, and hers toward him.

In the midst of these amorous possibilities real grief comes upon him. His infant illegitimate son in Scotland dies. The night before the bad news, Boswell sees two inexplicable flashes of light. Next day, "always superstitious," as Professor Pottle notes, he takes the lights for a sign of the little boy's death. He had, I think, never seen the child, but he had had his hopes, and one believes him when he writes that he could "mourn for an idea."

But there are white-stone days too, as when the post brings letters from his father (to the reviewer an unexpectedly attractive letter-writer), from Sir David Dalrymple, Walpole's correspondent as well as Boswell's (a pleasant thing for Sir David), and from "Mr." Johnson himself. You can almost see Boswell on the morrow setting down the jubilant sentence: "You was the great man yesterday." Parenthetically, that trick of speaking of himself in the second person makes you feel as if there were two of him, and perhaps there were.

Finally, after ten months in Utrecht during which he learned French, enough Dutch to swear by, and enough law to get him his gown in Edinburgh, he leaves for Berlin in the train of the Earl Marshal, Keith, his father's friend and Frederick the Great's. As for Zélide, now definitely an object of interest, he says: "The tender tear stood in her limpid eye." A letter written by her shortly before he left had vivid epistolary consequences, though he was never to see her again. The letters to and from Zélide and her family deserve a whole treatise, supposing one knew how.

Boswell's idiosyncrasies, his melancholy, gaiety, lewdness, naiveté, and subtlety, seen through the powerful lens he provides, do more than illustrate many things known but not too well understood. And this I think is fair to say of James Boswell in this year of grace: "You was the Great Man yesterday," adding, between compassion and reverence, "and you will be greater tomorrow."

Leonard Bacon, critic and Pulitzer Prize-winning poet, translated "The Lusiads of Luis de Camoens."

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Idol of the Boards

HENRY IRVING. By Laurence Irving. New York: Macmillan Co. 734 pp. $10.

By Stark Young

IT is a mistake to try and judge the art of an actor of another time. You can form some judgement of the man himself and of his epoch but not of his acting, since it no longer exists for you to judge it. Any record of an actor, therefore, must discuss for the most part largely his epoch and his relation to it, his method and the response of his contemporaries.

It must be said for this latest biography of Sir Henry Irving that it concerns itself chiefly, and almost wholly, with Irving's career, the progress of his activities as actor and as manager—1878 to 1902—of the Lyceum Treatre, by which it became the leading theatre in the English-speaking world. He had three more years of acting in one theatre or another before his death in 1905.

Irving's first American tour was in 1883, to be followed by seven more, the last, in 1903, with Ellen Terry. He played always to packed houses and immense enthusiasm. But he will be remembered here mainly by those old enough to have seen him. In England it is different; there they have a tradition of special individual interest, or whatever you want to call it, a kind of stubborn or devoted loyalty that dies more slowly; Irving was for many years the absolute idol and leader of the English stage, in London and in the provinces. His no longer represents the ideal of a theatre, which only means the present vogue, but he is anything but forgotten. This volume will, therefore, have its strongest appeal for the British public.

John Henry Brodribb was born February 6, 1838, in Somersetshire in the West Country, of people plain if not always solid—one grandmother's sidestepping got her complacent husband a farm and her three handsome daughters the same spindy legs that Irving himself was so touchy about. Irving never lost his West Country pronunciations of divers words, and his mother never felt the same toward him after he chose the life of sin on the stage; not all his glories and his recognition by peers and artists, statesmen and the universities, and by

—*By Lawrence Irving, from "Henry Irving."*

Henry Irving—"the first actor-knight"

Queen Victoria herself and the Prince of Wales could change his mother's mind. Brodribb took the name of Irving out of admiration for the American author.

However various sections of the public and various critics may have objected to Irving and what he represented, and there were not a few of them—Shaw, for example, from time to time, and the disciples of Ibsen and the new social plays and the realistic school of acting—and however his theatre may have been replaced by the newer movement coming in—which in its turn is now itself almost past—the fact remains that Irving did more than any single figure or any several figures in the nineteenth-century theatre to bring it out of chaos. On the subject of the dignity and respectability of his profession he was adamant, and in his general insistence and attitude, he kept up an unbroken pressure against Victorian prejudice, prudery, and snobbish exclusion. It was thus in the nature of a triumph for his profession as well as for him when in May 1895 knighthood was conferred upon him, the first English actor to receive that honor. By that time the high romanticism of Irving's approach to the theatre, the vast elaboration and pains of his productions, and the concentrated projection of his own personality amounted almost to a national monument of enthusiasm and following. This very copious volume by his grandson begins somewhat heavily, with an old-style, rather handsome lack of economy and point, but as Irving's life and fortune take shape it becomes absorbing reading.

Stark Young was at one time associate editor of Theatre Arts Monthly *and drama critic for* The New York Times *and the* New Republic.

Engineer in Politics

THE MEMOIRS OF HERBERT HOOVER: The Cabinet and the Presidency, 1920-1933. New York: Macmillan Co. 405 pp. $5.

By Fred Harvey Harrington

THIS second volume of the Hoover memoirs is a significant but in many ways disappointing book. It adds details to the record, and recalls to mind interesting events now half forgotten. Rarely, however, does the author penetrate beneath the surface. Hence many critics and defenders of our only living ex-President will feel that this work is often dull, and contributes little to an understanding of Hoover, or of the years after World War I.

Returning home after the Versailles peace conference, Hoover decided to remain in public life. He therefore continued directing relief (feeding starving Russians despite his dislike for the Bolsheviks); took the League of Nations side in the peace treaty struggle; and had a tiny Presidential boom (1920). The account of those years was written a quarter-century ago. The rest of the book deals with Hoover in the Cabinet (Secretary of Commerce under Harding and Coolidge (1921-1928), his election as President in 1928, his term in the White House (1929-1933). These sections, too, were written some time back, soon after Hoover was defeated for re-election to the Presidency.

If the book has a unifying theme it is Hoover's belief in private enterprise. In foreign relief and Mississippi flood crises, he preferred private charity to Government activity. As a Cabinet officer, he felt that business-controlled trade associations should perform many of the functions which Theodore Roosevelt-Woodrow Wilson progressives had assigned to the Government. Hoover went beyond Coolidge in favoring Government action against bad business practices (as on foreign loans). He also went beyond Coolidge in his view of the Government's role in developing water and other resources. Basically, though, Hoover wanted to keep Government regulation at a minimum, and insisted that the proper job of Government was to investigate, call conferences, and make suggestions that would increase

Fred Harvey Harrington, professor of history at the University of Wisconsin, is the author of "American History" (with Merle Curti), and other books.

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the efficiency of business and agriculture.

The work is descriptive rather than analytical. Thus, Hoover seems to feel that his Commerce Department policies (such as promoting exports and favoring foreign loans to pay for these exports) built prosperity in the 1920's without contributing significantly to the crash of 1929. He does not, however, develop such points in detail, a fact that will be regretted by pro-Hoover, anti-Hoover, and neutral readers alike.

Weak, too, is the treatment of the Presidential years. This takes up half the volume, the bulk of the space being given over to quotations from Presidential statements easily available in books already published. Some details are added: Hoover's suggestion that Britain cede us some colonies; contrasts between the public and private utterances of Filipino leaders; Hoover's differences with Secretary of State Stimson. But the key questions, those concerning the Depression and the decline of Republican strength, are omitted.

The author's decision to reserve those matters for Volume III gives the whole second half of the present volume an air of unreality. How can one understand the tariff debates of 1930, or the drive for the Bonus, or the investigation of the stock market, or the Philippine independence movement, or the Manchurian crisis of 1931, without reference to the hard times which gave special meaning to each of these questions? How can one understand a discussion of any aspect of the Hoover legislative program without considering the significance of the Depression-related Democratic victory in the midterm Congressional elections of 1930?

Hoover includes comments on contemporaries. He liked, though he did not overrate, Harding and, of course, took a dim view of Harding's "playmates." He found Coolidge difficult and shallow, but admired Hughes, Mellon, and Ogden Mills. Hoover makes a number of sharp comments about his opponents. He condemns the Democrats, as of 1920 ("ultraconservative Southern group," "plundering political machines," plus "the whole lunatic fringe of . . . agrarian fanatics and near-Socialists"). He calls his opponents on the power issue "the Radical bloc," and attacks the New Deal in footnotes written after World War II. At the same time, Hoover shows in many passages his own extreme sensitiveness to criticism. As he says, he certainly would have been happier had he gone back into engineering after World War I instead of entering the turmoil of American political life.

—*Photographs from the Museum of Modern Art Film Library.*

Charlie Chaplin (and Harry Myers) in "City Lights"—"he delighted the millions."

The Huge Genius of a Tramp

THE GREAT GOD PAN: Biography of the Tramp. By Robert Payne. New York: Hermitage House. 320 *pp.* $3.75.

THE LITTLE FELLOW. By Peter Cotes and Thelma Niklaus. New York: Philosophical Library. 156 *pp.* $3.75.

By Arthur Knight

THERE have been few personalities in our time, and least of all among film stars, who have raised the storms of love and hate that Charles Chaplin has inspired. One finds equivalents only among the politicos—Roosevelt, Churchill, Hitler. But whereas these lived and moved and directed policy that reached into the homes of each of us, the Chaplin we know is only a shadow, the projection of an enigmatic little man who has remained in Hollywood since 1914, making few public appearances and even fewer public statements. And yet that shadow, that Charlie, had won the heart of the world by 1915. Each new film was a cause for celebration, the prints run and run until the celluloid fell to shreds. Even today, when the love that was lavished on the brave, indomitable little fellow of the Essanays and Mutuals has turned to hate, there is still a demand for those early two-reelers and their merriment is still infectious.

What has happened in the meantime? Many writers have tried to tell us. Some of it we know ourselves, remembering the headline scandals of his divorces, the publicized attacks upon his "premature" anti-Fascism, his "premature" call for a second front during the last war. Actually, Chaplin's unpopularity goes back much farther than that. During World War I he was repeatedly charged with being a "slacker," even though the draft boards had officially turned him down, even though he worked at Liberty Loan drives until he dropped, even though his comedies were the finest antidote to the pressures of war that any government could have devised. Many have never forgiven him for retaining his British citizenship.

It seems to be the case of a man who climbed too high too soon. Born in bitterest poverty, Chaplin was a millionaire before he was thirty. And more intolerable than mere wealth, he had an independent spirit. While Charlie the tramp continued to delight the millions, Chaplin the man became increasingly a figure of controversy. Finally, in "Monsieur Verdoux" Chaplin faced his public stripped of Charlie's protective garb and he met with utter rejection—save for those who realized that "Verdoux" was simply saying in another way and more directly what Charlie had been hinting at all along. But now it was Chaplin who was speaking, not Charlie, and the pent-up fury burst forth in widespread boycotts of the picture, in

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Charlie Chaplin—"immortal clown."

picket-lines and press attacks. "Verdoux" was quickly withdrawn.

Chaplin, whether he donned the mask of Adenoid Hynkel, Henri Verdoux, or simply Charlie, had always raised serious questions in his films, questions about the fate of the individual in an increasingly herded humanity. As authoritarianism increased, as totalitarianism took over the minds and reactions of vast sections of our globe, Chaplin began to put his questions, the same questions, ever more sharply and insistently. Now at last it has occurred to someone to ask, "What is he saying?" instead of following the tack of most contributors to Chapliniana, "Who is Charlie Chaplin?"

As a result, the Charles Chaplin who emerges in Robert Payne's "The Great God Pan" is far less enigmatic and aloof than the portrait we find in Theodore Huff's recent factual biography. Huff has facts; Payne has insight. He has approached Chaplin through Charlie, his projected image, and begins his study not in London in 1889, but in the forests of ancient Greece where Pan, "the goat-footed, two-horned lover of the dance," first appeared on earth. It is a study that traces Charlie's ancestry through the clowns of all ages down to his immediate predecessors, the great clowns of the *commedia dell'arte*, Deburau and Grimaldi, and the English music hall comedian Dan Leno. There are by-ways that lead to the *koshare*, the "Delight Makers" among the Indians of Arizona and New Mexico, and to the Middle Ages' "Feast of Fools," exploring the nature of comedy and of pantomime; by-ways that investigate as well the London of Dickens and Queen Victoria.

Despite an early assertion that "Mr. Charles Chaplin has been allowed to enter the discussion only by implication, or on those rare occasions when he has broken silence and had illuminating things to say about [Charlie]," Payne's book does give a notably full account of Chaplin's professional career. Missing only are the unhappy marriages, the court proceedings, the dollar marks accompanying a new contract or a completed picture. For Payne is concerned solely with the artist at work; and the scandals, the trials, the contract negotiations he views quite properly as details that kept him from that work. As to Chaplin's speaking, he does so frequently in this book, occasionally in direct interview with the author, more often in significant passages culled from earlier interviews with other writers (the research that went into this book *is enormous*) *or from* the several articles Chaplin wrote years ago.

What emerges is a portrait of Charlie—and of Chaplin—as a man imbued with an innate dignity, intensely moral, wise in the ways of the world but still hoping for the best, a world in which men can live together with respect for each individual. All that Charlie ever implied, everything that Chaplin said directly from Hynkel's rostrum in "The Great Dictator," was repeated again by inversion—by horrible example, if you will—in "Monsieur Verdoux." Its foundation, Payne insists, is a divine love of mankind, and its structure a series of marvelous comedies in which that love manifests itself in many ways. Because of them, no matter what may happen to Chaplin, Charlie has already found his niche among the immortal clowns. Payne's book ranks with the best writings on Chaplin in any language.

It is a pity, considering the general dearth of such writings in English over the past twenty years, that so much should come along now all at one time. Huff's admirable book supplies a sturdy factual base; Payne's beautiful descriptions of the Chaplin films lead to a rich appreciation of the spiritual significance of the Tramp. There seems today then barely room for Peter Cote's and Thelma Niklaus's affectionate book from England, "The Little Fellow." The authors are well-intended: They love Chaplin and wrote their book "to bring about a greater understanding of a very great man." Unfortunately, they seem to have worked largely from second- and even third-hand sources, repeating misinformation that has for years beclouded the Chaplin legend, while their descriptions of the pictures are generally sketchy and unrevealing. Ten years ago this book would have been welcomed warmly for what it tries to do. Today we can only note its presence.

Rake & Politico

THE EXTRAORDINARY MR. MORRIS. By Howard Swiggett. New York: Doubleday & Co. 483 pp. $5.

By Merrill Jensen

GOUVERNEUR MORRIS is quite rightly labeled "extraordinary" in the title of Mr. Swiggett's biography. For one thing, he was one of the most detached and even cynical observers of two great revolutions—the American and the French—and he had a genius for setting forth his observations in prose that was witty and pointed. He was extraordinary also for the extent, variety, and persistence of his conquests of the women he met on both sides of the Atlantic Ocean. It left his contemporaries, as it does posterity, breathless, though whether it be from envy or from fatigue at the very thought of his time schedule it is difficult to say. I suspect that the exploits of Morris on the fields of love are what led the author to put "extraordinary" in the title. Very early in the book he quotes Morris as saying that celibacy was "an impious and unnatural doctrine" and goes on to say that it is small wonder that twisted men like Thomas Paine and John Randolph of Roanoke "should have borne him such malice."

If this book had been a Ph.D. thesis, reviewers would cluck condescendingly and make the usual remarks about young men rushing into print before adequate revision. But the author has written six other books. It is plain that he has made an effort to get hold of all the materials relating to Morris, and particularly the letters to and from and about him. These have been put together in essentially chronological order with occasional forward and backward looks. Events are thus discussed, dropped, and then picked up later as they occur in the time sequence. Hence one leaps from one short paragraph to another with almost no transition. Much of the book therefore seems to consist of research notes laid end to end with a bit of commentary thrown in from time to time.

Despite Morris's extensive and continuous amorous exploits, he played an important role in the political and economic history of the United States from the beginning of the Revolution until his death in 1816, but the account

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given here is weak and confusing and occasionally inaccurate. Morris played a leading part at the outbreak of the Revolution, in the Continental Congress, as assistant superintendent of finance from 1781-1784, in the Convention of 1787, and as a minister to France. Only in the last of these roles does one get a clear idea of Morris's importance. His diary and letters are perhaps the best picture of the dizzying changes that took place during the first years of the French Revolution. Since the book follows Morris's writings closely, one gets a day-to-day picture of the patterned chaos in which he lived. Here also one finds, for the first time I believe, a convincing defense of Morris as minister to France.

But elsewhere very little is set clearly in its historical context. The office of superintendent of finance was of vast political as well as economic significance, but no inkling of this is given.

The account of the Convention of 1787 consists of scraps of quotations, but there is no clear notion of what it was all about. There are, however, some fascinating suggestions, such as that a sudden cooling off of the weather was responsible for the great compromise on representation, and that the graduates of "Ivy League" colleges controlled the committee on style which drafted the final form of the Constitution. The chapter winds up with a marvelous account of the kind of questions a present-day Congressional committee would ask George Washington, Abigail Adams, and James Madison because of their associations with Gouverneur Morris. There are many other things equally delightful in the book, such as a short chapter of conjectures on the love life of Thomas Jefferson in Paris and, in other places, comments on the frustrations of William Short. Perhaps other American diplomats abroad have carried on affairs other than diplomatic, but never have they been so adequately catalogued.

The best part of the book relates Morris's life after his return to America in 1798. His public career is set forth with relative clarity. The story of his marriage, on Christmas Day 1809, to Ann Cary Randolph, whose tragic history was related earlier, is fascinating. She and Morris were happy and had a son. But troubles were not over. Her cousin, John Randolph of Roanoke, made a vicious attempt to break up her marriage with Morris. He had the willing collaboration of Morris's relatives who were bitterly disappointed when Morris sired a son to inherit the fortune

(*Continued on page* 35)

Fiction. *Before World War II most of what Americans read about Italy came from the pens of the English, who had long made that country one of their favorite haunts. Then the thousands of young Americans who visited Italy by courtesy of the U. S. Army brought back glowing accounts of the beauty and fascination of that ancient land. Today Italy is perhaps the fondest resort of American writers, as is evidenced by such current novels as Hugh Wheeler's "The Crippled Muse" (page 33), Aubrey Menen's "The Duke of Gallodoro" (SR March 15), and Jack Dunphy's "Friends and Vague Lovers" (April 12). Americans have been quick to appreciate the current Italian literary renaissance which P. M. Pasinetti described in "The Incredible Italians" (March 19). But U.S.-Italian cultural relations are a two-way affair, as Mr. Pasinetti points out in reviving John Fante's "Full of Life" (page 17) . . . B. Traven, one of the most gifted and certainly the most mysterious of novelists living in Mexico, has a fine new book, "The Rebellion of the Hanged" (below).*

Peons in Agony

THE REBELLION OF THE HANGED. By B. Traven. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. 377 *pp.* $3.50.

By Maxwell Geismar

B. TRAVEN is the mysterious writer in Mexico who wrote an excellent sea story, "The Death Ship," and more recently "The Treasure of the Sierra Madre." His identity still remains unknown; his books have sold millions of copies in many languages throughout the world. This new novel, in the same general vein, is about the desperate Indian peasants at the outset of the Mexican Revolution.

Mr. Traven's trick is to combine a good narrative with solid social principles—quite a relief these days, even something rare. His hero, Cándido Castro, is a Tsotsil Indian, farming a miserable piece of land but keeping away from the clutches of the *finqueros*, the big landlords who are forcing the Indians into peonage with the help of Mexico's "indispensable man" of the time—Diaz. Cándido's wife falls sick; he takes her to a doctor in the town of Joval, and his undoing has begun.

All of this is very well handled, I think. The novel has a wonderful opening, a dreadful and horrifying middle, a flat and rhetorical ending. The portrait of Cándido's early life and of the Indian tribal character is sensitive and tragic—somewhat in the mood of Ignazio Silone's early studies of the Italian peasants. The point is the difference between Cándido's feelings and his behavior with the white men who are his natural and historical enemies. Mr. Traven does a fine job on the life of a backward and corrupt Mexican town—the doctor himself, the village pharmacist, and Don Gabriel, who is the hiring boss for slave labor in a mahogany camp in the Mexican jungle, and has caught Cándido, too.

Cándido sets out with his two children and two baby pigs that he planned to raise and fatten on his farm. His wife has died while the doctor bargained about the cost of the operation, and his sister, out of family piety, joins him on the journey to death. The tropical night fell during their trip, Mr. Traven says, "heavily, brutally, like a hammer striking." And the camp itself is an inferno of primitive capitalism. The Montellano brothers had bought it on credit—to make it pay, they have to double the normal output of the workers: their methods are brutal.

The Indians are flogged, hanged, or buried alive, while the red ants, ticks,

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chiggers infest them, and spiders weave their webs in the hair of helpless men. "But God, who came to earth two thousand years ago to save men, undoubtedly forgot these Indians," Mr. Traven remarks, "(for) at that time their country was still unknown." One of these desperate peons escapes and smashes the head of his foreman with a rock. Another tears out the eyes of Don Acacio Montellano, and drowns himself—and the revolt has begun. The news of Madero's uprising has filtered through all Mexico; the loggers and cutters and drivers slaughter every boss in the lumber camp, burn the records, and form a revolutionary corps.

The description of revolutionary movements has thrown better writers than Mr. Traven, however—including Carlyle and Dickens and Dostoevsky. And it was Samuel Butler who remarked that when the meek inherit the earth they are no longer meek. "The Rebellion of the Hanged" becomes a travelogue of counter-terror; the stories of individual figures, so often touching in these pages, is lost in something like a melodrama of revenge and heroics. Mr. Traven "explains" the Mexican Revolution at the end of his book, but he has already done this better at the beginning.

Saga of a Too-Small State

MISSING. By Egon Hostovsky. Translated by Ewald Osers. New York: Viking Press. 249 *pp.* $3.

By Robert Pick

THROUGHOUT the between-war period Czechoslovakia, rightly or not-quite-so-rightly, appeared to the West as a beacon of democracy. Among the various Communist *coups d'état* engineered in Europe since 1945, the Prague *putsch* of February 1948 still irritates the Western world most. Accentuated by the death of Jan Masaryk, a personage loved by all men of good will, that event has the earmarks of great drama.

This is not the first novel about it. But it is, to my knowledge, the first written by a Czech who has lived through those crucial months himself. An ex-diplomat now residing in this country and working for Radio Free Europe, Mr. Hostovsky is a novelist with a growing European reputation. His present book should command much attention, both as a first-hand source of information and as fine fiction.

He has chosen that most difficult of storytellers' methods—to keep his hero invisible, to make his mouthpiece audible only through its echoes. He shows his hero, as the phrase has it, through the impact he and what he stands for exert upon a motley group of men and women. The catalytic character, then, is Paul Kral, a newspaperman who wants to join his adopted daughter in the United States, an adolescent suffering from t.b. Having never permitted ready-made *Weltanschuung* patterns to influence his personal values, he has become suspect to the even then Communist-infiltrated Czech foreign office, as well as to American military intelligence. Like most of the people interested in Kral, waiting for a word from him and wondering about his whereabouts, the reader only gradually comes to realize what manner of man this Paul Kral really is.

This approach would become tantalizing if the author had not set in motion a cast of characters whose own stories, adventures, and dramas are of a fascinating variety. In fact, this novel can be read throughout as a thriller. The many-pronged plot involves: a Liberal journalist and his pretty promiscuous wife; a high-minded Catholic priest; an individualistic Communist chimney sweep; a Jewish intellectual who has survived the Nazi occupation (and whose personal relationship to Paul Kral is complex, to say the least); a number of civil servants (each trying in his own way to hold on to his job, and one of them trying to secure it against either possible swing of the political pendulum); a girl at the U. S. Embassy and her clever superior; an informer and turncoat; a naturalized American citizen of Czech origin on a Kafkaesque search for a lost suitcase; and finally—in a scene as brief as it is poignant—Jan Masaryk himself.

Such a large cast of characters often forces the author to show them merely in relief; and some of them get lost sight of. Yet the cumulative effect of their experiences produces a powerful story. Even the slightly melodramatic punishment meted out in the end to the worst of the careerists and bandwagon-jumpers by the book's most engaging figure does not detract from its distinction. Mr. Hostovsky has something to say, and he says it very well.

Robert Pick, a native of Austria, is the author of "Guests of Don Lorenzo," "The Terhoven File," and other novels. He has translated a number of German works into English.

Your Literary I.Q.

By Howard Collins

MRS. MALAPROP REVIVES AGAIN

Merwin Holtzman, of Louisville, Kentucky, offers fifteen quotations in which one word has been misquoted and asks you to give the correct word. Allowing seven points for each correction, a score of seventy is par, seventy-seven is very good, and eighty-four is excellent. Answers on page 34.

1. A foolish constituency is the hobgoblin of little minds. (Emerson.)
2. The short and simple annuals of the poor. (Gray.)
3. It is in vain, sir, to attenuate the matter. (Patrick Henry.)
4. Tasting of Flora and the country green,
   Dance, and provincial song, and sunburnt mirth. (Keats.)
5. My heart is like a rainbow shell
   That paddles in a calcium sea. (Rossetti.)
6. Or hear old Titan blow his wreathed horn. (Wordsworth.)
7. For he heard the loud baboon. (Coleridge.)
8. The pain, the calm, and the astonishment,
   Desire inimitable, and still content. (Brooke.)
9. ..... shoe us here
   The medal of your pasture. (Shakespeare.)
10. Her father he makes cribbage nets. (Carey.)
11. Stormy, husky, brawling
    City of the big soldiers. (Sandburg.)
12. Who is Silvia? Who is she
    That all our swains command her? (Shakespeare.)
13. Christ! What are patrons for? (Amy Lowell.)
14. Irks care the crop-full bird? Frets doubt the maw-crammed breast? (Browning.)
15. Eternal Spirit of the changeless Mind. (Byron.)

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Postponed Justice

THE LONG MEMORY. By Howard Clewes. New York: Doubleday & Co. 256 pp. $2.75.

By JAMES KELLY

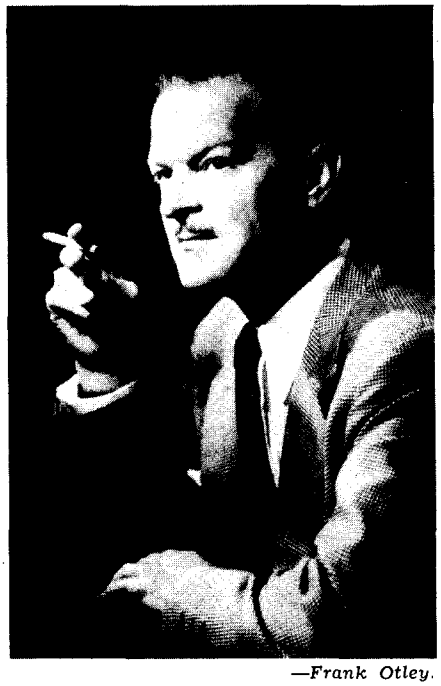
THROUGH four or five postwar novels, of which "Dead Ground" may be the longest remembered, a youngish English war veteran named Howard Clewes has established his prowess as craftsman and observer. Like Geoffrey Household, Mr. Clewes spins his yarns with plenty of by-products for everybody. Suspense, pathos, tragic-comedy, and rarefied moral climate are the trademarks, but he is too interested in his people and the enveloping scene to use either one as mere devices to bolster a story. In "The Long Memory," a superior novel (it was a Book Society choice in England) about a hate-filled ex-convict and his effect upon people who know or suspect the real facts of a murder for which he paid seventeen years of his life, the author is at the top of his gifts.

Taut, trim, and controlled as it is, "The Long Memory" may be *too* leisurely and complex for the reader in search of a neatly plotted "suspense" tale. Narrated in the "I" manner by an omnipresent man from Scotland Yard, countless flashbacks and bits of action are jigsawed into present events in a way that appears pretty jumpy until one gets used to it. But nothing is wasted. Accumulated tensions, the bleak economy of small scenes, the breathing reality of nearly every character in the book, and the sights and smells of life in London's forgotten river colony are rewards enough. The author's uncluttered, high-fidelity style seems the right one to convey the emotional force of injustice, revenge, honor, love, and awakened moral sense which are his navigation points.

Philip Davidson, the central figure, is a desperate, vengeful man who has just been released from prison after a long stretch for a murder he knows he did not commit. Revenge, not vindication, is in his mind as he returns to the rivermen in search of a girl and a man who falsely swore that he had killed the smuggler, Spencer Boyd. Fay Driver, the river girl he had loved, and Tim Pewsey, Boyd's henchman, must be paid off. What he does not know is that Robert Lowther of Scotland Yard watches him carefully. Lowther, the incorruptible narrator, has reason to be interested since Fay has been his wife for nearly seventeen years of haunted marriage. What will be the outcome of these strangely linked three lives? How can Lowther, sensing a miscarriage of justice in Davidson's case, decide between his professional and personal feelings? That is the novel.

As Davidson stalks his intended victims, he is in turn stalked by the police, by alert newspapermen, by lonely river people, by a waif of a girl who tries to pull him into the pattern of love. And when the showdown comes, with its unexpected resolution and bloody aftermath on the river marsh, a cloud is lifted from four lives. Davidson proves at the critical point that he has traveled quite a way on the road to human decency. "Calamity brings with it a certain exhilaration. When the world rocks you rush in dismay to shore it up, but when it topples you stand in the ruins and giggle; the dust is a paralyzing drug."

Mr. Clewes is at his best with ominous scenes in a sleazy waterfront pub, encounters with knowing journalists, meetings between badgered police officials, and blunt physical love. He also has a personal brand of entertaining, off-beat imagery, *viz.*, this remark about children: "There indeed were the children. They stood among the knees and stared up expressionlessly. There was a placid malevolence in the faces of those children, I recall, such as is not uncommon in the faces of certain animals. Their noses ran and they sucked sweets as a cow sucks a cud, and they listened." In short, "The Long Memory" seems certain to make new friends for Clewes on this side of the Atlantic.



—*Frank Otley.*

Howard Clewes—"off-beat imagery."

Immigrants' Children

FULL OF LIFE. By John Fante. Boston: Little, Brown & Co. 178 pp. $2.75.

By P. M. PASINETTI

THIS new novel by the author of "Ask the Dust" and "Dago Red" is presented by the dust-jacket as "extravagant domestic comedy," like certain Cary Grant pictures. Even from the cover drawings you guess it has to do with the Young Married Couple: there are going to be the domestic and psychological difficulties connected with the first pregnancy, the Young Husband's confusion, and, since the narrator is of Italian origin, you know that there is going to be the Loving Mother with Ancient Superstitions and the Rustic Father who promises to be Quite a Character. You begin to worry.

But as soon as you start going through the book you forget your worries entirely. I even felt that Mr. Fante must have been so sure of his serious artistic purposes that he daringly liked to work in cliché-ridden territory to prove the freshness of his view. He is very successful in doing so.

The central theme is indeed the heroine's approaching motherhood. She is, to put it vaguely, the attractive American girl who also "reads," while her husband, John Fante, the narrator, the son of an immigrant from Ignazio Silone's region of Italy, is an American writer; in fact, one settled with an office and a secretary in the Los Angeles area—a script-writer. And they expect their first child. There is also the traditional household trouble (a sinking floor, etc.); to assist in its repair, "Papa" is fetched from his small town, San Juan. There is the brief intermezzo with the hero in his old home with father and mother; and the journey, extremely entertaining, of father and son to Los Angeles. Here the three principal characters come together.

The more you read, even if occasionally you laugh out loud, you realize this short novel is quite a serious book. For instance, you read: "A woman's confinement was a bad time for a man. Creation gave her terrible strength . . ." By then you are used to taking such simple and deep words at their full value. Part of the woman's strength is used in a religious conversion—she embraces the faith of *his* parents. The relation between her motherhood and her renewed religiosity presented certain dangers, especially now that religion is, so to speak, a literary fad. Mr. Fante, as he

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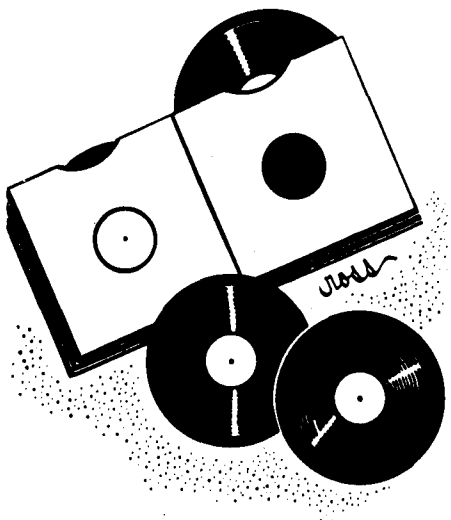
avoids the horrors of cuteness in dealing with his comic effects, avoids pretentiousness in handling his serious theme; nor does he let himself be tempted by the images of his Italian background (the parents' archaic and picturesque beliefs) into building some pompous myth of motherhood. He is restrained and persuasive:

"There was no solving the chemistry of this change, I only felt it, knew it, saw it. The thing I felt was a maturity, a quality of womanhood not associated with her pregnancy; a tradition, rather an identification with Mother Church, with the Church's high reverence for women, an elevation of her to that state I felt for the Virgin Mary as a boy. We looked at one another, and in that moment she too knew that I had sensed the change, the all-pervading transformation of her personality. We looked at one another, and in that moment each of us knew that this night was a milestone in our lives, and that our lives together were terribly important, terribly serious. But it was a sad moment, too, because I cherished the nonsense of living, the trivia, the fooling around, and that we had put behind us."

Obviously then, also the main supporting character, the Italian father, is very acceptable, in fact unforgettably interesting, and not the usual "pastoral" creation we feared he might be. The balance of attachment and opposition in the American son's feelings is beautifully worked out. In this particular sense the novel shows a conjunction of Old World and New World which cuts quite deep into the level of sentiments, atavisms, and "culture" in general. For doing so while remaining a concrete and lively story, the book, in its intentional limits, is extraordinarily successful.

It is somehow pleasant to recall in this connection that the name of Fante, through John, the American

(*Continued on page* 33)



Music. *Although high-fidelity reproduction of music in the home cannot be called an exclusively postwar phenomenon, it is only since* 1945 *that the electronic ingredients have been mass-produced to fit the incomes of most music-lovers. Today, with the market flooded with relatively inexpensive high-fidelity equipment, more and more homes are echoing to expanded dimensions of sound. Two books catering to the new high-fidelity audience have just been published: "The Saturday Review Home Book of Recorded Music and Sound Reproduction," by three regular contributors to this magazine (reviewed below), and "Make Music Live" (see page* 19). *. . . A long-time friend of Giacomo Puccini, Dante del Fiorentino, has set down his memories of the composer in "Immortal Bohemian" (page* 21). *A more consequential biography is Frank Walker's full-length treatment of the Austrian song composer Hugo Wolf, the first in English, reviewed by Elisabeth Schumann on page* 48.

Sciences of Sweet Sound

SATURDAY REVIEW HOME BOOK OF RECORDED MUSIC AND SOUND REPRODUCTION. By Irving Kolodin, Edward Tatnall Canby, and C. G. Burke. New York: Prentice-Hall. 312 *pp.* $4.50.

By R. D. Darrell

"SOUNDS," declare the Stephen Dedaluses of this world, "are impostures." And most home listeners to records and broadcasts long have been concerned far more with what is played or said than how it is reproduced.

The love-life of phonographic music-lovers is—for all its intensity—singularly platonic. The ideal is spiritual communion with tonal mistresses and the latters' physical manifestations often are tolerated only on the ectoplasmic level. Rapt by the evocation of identifiable, intelligible music, few "phonophiles" have the temerity to ask for the substance as well as the spirit, for a literal re-creation rather than a phantom image.

Lately, however, a younger and perhaps more realistic generation has begun to demand something more tangible than aural *revenants*. In today's enormous home audience, phonophiles rapidly are giving place to the devotees of a new cult. The more fanatical among these "audio enthusiasts" or "hi-fi fans" hand-tailor their own super-sound systems; the rank and file are content to assemble what Mr. Burke aptly terms "eclectic" phonographs. But all of them set definite, basically physical, standards for what they want to hear. In their own jargon, the goals are full-frequency response, maximum "dynamic" (*i.e.*, loudness) range from "noise threshold" to "overload," and minimum distortion, especially of the abhorred "intermodulation" variety—ideals that may be summed up in one word common to both technical and ordinary terminologies: "presence."

The Holy Writ of this cult has been confined largely to specialized journals, like *Audio Engineering* and *High-Fidelity*, but some of it has trickled over into general publications that deal in any way with records—often more to the confusion than the enlightenment of the layman. Now, at last, the first books of exegesis appear: the recently published "Make Music Live" (see page 19) and the present volume by the editor of *The Saturday Review* RECORDINGS section and two of its veteran contributors.

The former volume is a practical handbook of the "how to" type, whose primary appeal is to already converted but novice "audio hobbyists"; the latter endeavors both to inculcate an awareness of the new dimensions in aural experience and to reconcile the extreme, contradictory attitudes characteristic of contemporary home listening. With its wealth of background, supplementary, and corrective materials, it provides a sane frame of reference for the tenets of the sound cult and well may lead to the emergence of better rounded listeners than either the "spiritualists" of the past or the new materialists.

The exploration of unfamiliar tonal horizons begins with Canby's study of

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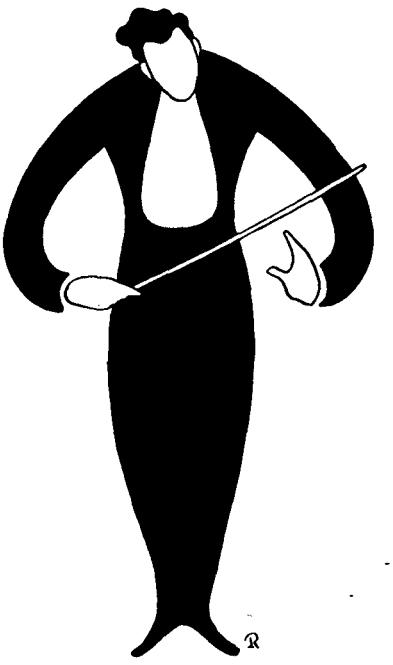
"the record from studio to store"—historical sketches of recording's birth and up-and-down career as prefaces to a vivid description of the techniques responsible for the triumphal LP's (and their delinquent kid sisters, the 45's) of today. Then Burke takes over in an impassioned exhortation to the audio heathen who have not yet learned the stern First Commandment—destroy your formerly idolized trade-name "sets" (successors to Hans Castorp's and other early phonophiles' "truncated sarcophagi") and build dedicated sound temples from quasi-professional system components! And finally Kolodin eloquently apostrophizes ultimate values in "learning to listen and listening to learn"—one of the most persuasive arguments yet advanced against the necessity of reproduced-music-listening's ever being a purely passive experience.

Like all concise "popular" historians, Canby may disturb specialists by some of his omissions or errors of detail. (I regret his neglect of the fabulous Charles Cros and the glossed-over account of the birth and troubled youth of "electrical" recording.) But these are a small price to pay for his picturesque, indeed fascinating story of recording practices, disc processing, and tape editing, which all go into that complex, miraculous mating of engineering and art—the LP record.

Kolodin's obvious rôle is his familiar one of urbane guide to the selection of recorded music for home enjoyment and he performs it with his customary skill in another of the "basic" lists that every record buyer seems to want, although no one ever is likely to agree on the specific choices. However, these recommendations are subsidiary to a series of detailed, comparative analyses of several individual works—at once an illuminating lesson in music criticism and a profoundly exciting adventure in truly "participating" listening. This is a study long lacking in phonographic literature and one that no listener of any kind can read without a notable expansion of his esthetic horizons.

Burke's section is more difficult to evaluate, especially by an audio-fraternity brother better equipped to argue the technical details involved than to assess the general appeal to laymen. I subscribe wholeheartedly to the basic credo intoned here (the faith in magnetic pickup cartridges with diamond styli only, in horn-loaded speakers, in balanced frequency spectra, in exact "equalization" and minimum "tone-control," etc.), but I wonder about its proselytizing effectiveness. Significant technical principles can be made clear to non-technical readers, but excessive dogmatism and extravagant phraseology tend to weaken a potential convert's confidence in his otherwise able mentor. There is sound information here (in both senses of the term) and extremely helpful—if inevitably controversial—detailed specifications of recommended systems in various cost categories. What I miss is the point



and humor that made the author's "Dethronement of Queen Anne" [*SR* June 24, 1950] outstanding among periodical contributions to the literature on "new sound." Readers already bitten by audio fanaticism will be untroubled here, but to my mind tonal evangelicism should be emerging by this time from its severe, Early Christian preoccupation with heresy-hating and doctrinal schisms.

Yet, with all allowances for the natural shortcomings and variances of a cooperatively written, pioneering volume, this "Home Book of Recorded Music and Sound Reproduction" is an essential chairside companion for every listener, whatever his previous education in music and sound, whatever the present scope of his disc library and playing equipment. Above all, it is a provocative stimulus to fresh thinking on a subject of the keenest contemporary interest and convincing testimony for the thesis that music from the machine is not necessarily mechanistic music, nor a medium for merely tenuous, passive, or sterile experience.

At their frequent best, all three authors expound the golden rule of audio, best expressed long ago in the Duchess's tart injunction to Alice: "Take care of the sense, and the sounds will take care of themselves."

A New Pleasure

MAKE MUSIC LIVE: Handbook of Quality Home Sound Reproduction. By Irving Greene, James R. Radcliffe, and Robert Scharff. New York: Medill McBride Co. 256 pp. $4.50.

By David Hall

As one whose interest in the field of recorded music got its start in 1932 with the assembly of a home-built playback system, and who has continued to enjoy his listening in this same fashion (albeit with somewhat more refined equipment), I felt a real thrill of sympathy and gratitude while going through the pages of "Make Music Live."

Sooner or later the serious listener to recorded music feels the urge to get away from the aural limitations imposed by the "run of the mill" factory-built radio-phono combination. He then finds himself faced with the problem of providing himself first-class listening equipment which at the same time will not drive him into financial insolvency. Likewise, the appearance factor must be taken into consideration at least to the extent that he and the lady of the house shall remain on speaking terms.

For such a person "Make Music Live" is to my way of thinking an excellent basic guide. Its fifteen chapters consider in turn the underlying concept of "high-fidelity" sound in the home; AM-FM tuners; turntable-pick-up assemblies, automatic and manual; amplifiers; loudspeakers; loudspeaker enclosures; antenna set-ups; tape recorders and their use; acoustics in the home; cabinetry; the integration of listening systems into large or small rooms; and practical technical knowledge needed for proper maintenance and adjustment of pick-up cartridges, styli, and loudspeaker installations. There is also an appendix containing an excellent glossary of basic terms; articles by Walter F. Grueninger, of *Consumers' Research*, and by Peter Hugh Reed, of *The American Record Guide*, dealing with "high fidelity" as specifically related to records and recording; a wonderfully helpful cost-quality chart covering AM-FM tuners, amplifiers, and loudspeakers; and a rather technical article for the benefit of those who may wish to build their own cross-over networks for two-way loudspeaker systems.

I have described "Make Music Live"

David Hall is the author of several books on recorded music.

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as an excellent *basic* guide for the simple reason that it is not intended either for the professional engineer or for the self-appointed "hi-fi expert." This is another way of saying that the authors of "Make Music Live" do not pretend to know all the answers to all phases of pleasurable listening in the home via recordings and radio. They have very wisely confined themselves to setting forth basic facts which are generally agreed upon throughout the audio field and have avoided both rashly doctrinaire statements as well as discussion of highly controversial matters. For some this may be a sin of omission, but to my way of thinking the reader is thereby protected from being misled or confused.

Those who want to explore the more controversial aspects of audio will find plenty of it in the technical and quasi-technical publications in which the field abounds. Above all, my heart was gladdened by these words in the very first paragraph of Chapter One: "A tendency of the ear to accept as true those sounds which it habitually hears." This important statement can be carried even further to say that the human ear after a certain point hears what it wants to hear.

For all the useful pictures and diagrams, as well as the large and readable type, "Make Music Live" is not without a few shortcomings. For one thing, there is no index. There should also have been included a check list giving the brand names of those audio components representative of the best at various price levels (this is not the same as singling out one manufacturer's product as "the best" at the expense of his competitors). Lastly, I should like to have had some discussion of the difference in listening experience which results from a multiple sound source (several loudspeakers strategically placed in a room) as against that resulting from a single point source.

What I have most particularly in mind is the possibility of re-creating in the home the illusion of "three-dimensional" concert hall listening. Already it has been demonstrated that a multiple sound source makes it possible to operate playback equipment at a reasonable volume level, thus avoiding the "stridency" of which so many non-"hi-fi" addicts complain. More than this, it can now be said that developments have now progressed to a point where it will be possible in the very near future to produce in the small apartment without complicated "binaural" channeling a truly realistic three-dimensional listening experience.

Arnold Schoenberg and Béla Bartók—"a human story."

Those Who Make Music

FANFARE FOR TWO PIGEONS. By H. W. Heinsheimer. New York: Doubleday & Co. 220 pp. $2.75.

By Cecil Smith

THE two pigeons of Mr. Heinsheimer's title spend their days on the windowsill of his office in the music store of G. Schirmer in New York. Since they make a profession of looking at the papers and manuscripts on his desk, they "know more about modern music than any two pigeons in the wide world." They also supply some of the literary padding Mr. Heinsheimer needs in order to distend a slim supply of subject matter into a volume of words sufficient to fill 220 small pages of large type.

"Music," writes Mr. Heinsheimer, "is falling on the soil of America like a steady, gentle rain." In "Fanfare for Two Pigeons" he touches sketchily upon a number of facets of musical activity, dropping not rain but a large and rather indiscriminate number of names. As examples of the "cultural liberation of the hinterland" he cites the activity of the woman's association of the St. Louis Symphony Orchestra (and composes song lyrics in their honor), the formation of an orchestra in the atomic city of Oak Ridge, Tenn., and the premiere of Schoenberg's "A Survivor of Warsaw" in Albuquerque. He pokes his head in at a performance of Bach's "St. Matthew Passion" at the "University of Salt Lake City" and a performance conducted by Stravinsky at the University of Illinois. Returning to New York, he recounts anecdotes about the publishing business and lists the titles of some celebrated modern works that are, surprisingly, in public domain because their publishers muffed the copyright process.

The chapter on the mass-distribution concert business, an institution under fire from all quarters today, amounts to a glib dismissal—with very few data given and a large share of these either inaccurate or downright wrong—of the gravest (and most completely two-sided) issue facing professional musicians today. Most of the book is merely breezy; this chapter is irresponsible.

The most winning portion of the book—to me the *only* winning portion—is devoted to a profile, from the author's own reminiscenses, of Béla Bartók, whom he had known in Europe long before either of them came to the United States. Here Mr. Heinsheimer dispenses with his frippery style and elephantine efforts at popular humor and tells a human story honorably, straightforwardly, and touchingly. For a few brief pages he escapes from the tone of poorly masked contempt with which he otherwise treats the business that gives him his living.

Two sentences on page 156 pithily express my sentiment about the rest of the book:

"Be off now, pigeons. Back to your window."

Cecil Smith is editor of Musical America.

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Nabob of Notes

IMMORTAL BOHEMIAN. By Dante del Fiorentino. New York: Prentice-Hall. 232 pp. $3.50.

By GEORGE R. MAREK

BIOGRAPHIES written by friends must be taken with a grain of salt: they are likely to be too sugary. Puccini had many friends, and several of them felt impelled to put pen to paper. These personal reminiscences present the composer as nothing much more than one of the boys. Puccini to friends is a character from "La Bohéme," a rollicking Rodolfo or a melancholy Marcello, as the occasion warrants. He is a man given to playing childish pranks, ingenuous and exhuberant; in short, more of an *enfant terrible* than a man.

The latest book in this category is no exception. It, too, is guilty of oversimplification and the daubing of rosy color. "He was the same simple-minded, generous, honest person I had known before," writes the author. The man who composed "La Bohéme" was not simple-minded, and the man who wrested "Tosca" away from a rival was anything but generous. What distinguishes "Immortal Bohemian" is the author's warm-heartedness, his complete frankness in confessing admiration for Puccini, a certain liveliness of style, and the absence of any pretense to scholarship sublime. This is a friend's-eye view. Fiorentino, who is a priest, has a priest's understanding. He brings to the book a good amount of humor and more than the expected amount of tolerance.

Dante del Fiorentino first saw Puccini when he (the author) was a little boy. Puccini was being transported home after a motor accident which broke his leg. At that moment, suffering great pain, Puccini seems to have had little more to say to Fiorentino than the traditional "Get out of my way." Later Fiorentino became the priest of Torre del Lago, the village where Puccini lived. He got to know Puccini well. The padre's book is a mixture of personal encounters and experiences with the composer and a retelling of anecdotes previously told. Its early chapters suffer from heartell through hearsay. Facts are stated without corroboration, letters quoted without dates. Puccini's thoughts are guessed at in semi-fictional style. Describing Puccini's first contact with "Aida," a historical fact, the author says: "As he returned home, with the strains of 'Celeste Aida' echoing and re-echoing through all the nerves of his body and through his heart, his mind was made up." Without direct evidence, nobody can tell which parts of "Aida" inspired the young man. It is highly unlikely, however, that his greatest impression of that marvelous score would have been gained from the first-act aria. There are sentimental, second-hand misstatements. Puccini "was ideally happy in New York." The evidence of the composer's letters shows us that Puccini was far from "ideally happy" in New York.

In the later chapters, the author does tell many pleasant anecdotes, and you feel the contact by the fireside. When he speaks of Puccini's method of composing, one can quite believe that he saw Puccini at work. Dante del Fiorentino is also to be complimented on his inclusion of the servant girl episode (Chapter 7—"Tragedy"), which is accurately told and which had been previously suppressed or ignored by the Italian biographers. All in all a kindly, entertaining book, though hardly a full-dimensioned biography.

George R. Marek is director of Artists and Repertoire for RCA Victor Records and author of a biography of Puccini.

Music Notes

THIS MODERN MUSIC. By Gerald Abraham. Norton. $2.50. To the average music lover rather than to the professional musician is this delightful little volume addressed. But I wish musicians, too, would read it. Being a revised edition of a book published in England about twenty years ago, part of its contents would seem somewhat out of date. Also being addressed to the layman, though to the layman with a fair notion of the technical vocabulary of music, it refrains from attacking the inner anatomy, as it were, of contemporary music and is content with probing its sensitive nerve endings. Thus a touch of conversational journalism permeates the whole presentation. Yet when all that one can hold against it has been said, the book still remains one of the most transparently written, most persuasively formulated, and, indeed, most elucidating discourses on modern music.

Its real charm and importance, of course, do not always lie in what is directly stated. But the author's vast knowledge and mastery of his subject,

(*Continued on page* 32)

—From "Immortal Bohemian."

Gatti-Casazza, Belasco, Toscanini, Puccini—"more of an *enfant terrible* than a man."

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The Saturday Review

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A Decade's Endeavor

THERE can be few whose concern with public affairs is warm who do not share the poet's prayer that some power give us the gift to see ourselves as others see us. Nations are like individuals in that their concept of themselves is always obscured by the image of what they aspire to be. They are in their own sight not only the sum of what they appear to others but a greater total, compounded of long-held hopes and ideals and faith as well as of the immediate actions and reactions which constitute their outward seeming. It is therefore that so frequently amazement grips a nation which, secure in the sincerity of its own purposes, finds its intentions and professions misconstrued by others.

We have had plenty of examples in our own country of misunderstanding on the part of foreigners and consequent surprise and indignation on our own. It was just forty years ago, when a crisis in Mexico threatened the peace, that Americans to their shocked disbelief discovered that President Wilson's announced policy of "watchful waiting," which they, of course, took at face value, was being interpreted in many minds abroad as a canting attempt to cover a prospective grab of power by the United States. And it was only some fifteen years before the Vera Cruz incident that the American pronouncement that suzerainty over the Philippines was an interim arrangement was received even in certain of the chancelleries of Europe with open skepticism. Today, again, Americans, convinced beyond all doubt of the pacific disposition of their country, read with mingled wonder and dismay that Russia—not Poliburo Russia, which must know better but makes its strictures for political purposes—but the great Russia, which is misled by its rulers, fears American aggression in Asia and unprovoked bombing of its domain.

Everywhere throughout the world the peoples walk the tightrope of international relations with a double hazard—that of not seeing themselves as others see them and not seeing others as they see themselves. There are a hundred difficulties in the way of mutual understanding—barriers of language, of customs, of tradition, old hatreds and prejudices, unfamiliar political practices and the ineptitudes and betrayals of politics, semantic inexactitudes, variant standards of living—a list long and pregnant of danger. The margin of understanding which unites nations is as narrow as the potential of misconstruction is immense.

There can be then, no effort, however modest, to bridge the gap between nations which does not deserve recognition. The tiniest pebble can produce ripples in the widest pool. It is for that reason that we call attention here, on the tenth anniversary of its establishment, to the development of an international project which has been carried on without fanfare but with care and assiduity and which is bearing good fruit both in Britain and America. This is the Books-Across-the-Sea program of the English-Speaking Union, an activity sprung of an appeal sent out by a group of Americans resident in Britain during the first year of the bombing for books which might meet the desire of the English, who saw themselves approaching an alliance with the United States, for further insight into the latter country's spirit and institutions. Under this project, which was established in 1942, a collection of current books was built up in London, and a corresponding one in New York, that in the former city containing works, unpublished in Britain, representative of America, and that in the latter consisting of British books not issued in this country. The work has been carried on now for a decade with the result that during the past year in London more than 11,000 volumes were in circulation among individuals, schools, public libraries, study groups, and English-Speaking Union branches throughout the British Isles. In America the work has been carried on along similar lines. The books, chosen by committees in England and America, are new publications, both fiction and non-fiction, and of sufficiently diversified character to appeal both to a scholarly and a general public and to children as well as to adults. They range from philosophy to folklore, and from poetry to housing and welfare projects. Though gathered in special quarters they are sent in batches on loan throughout both countries, and earn their title of Ambassador books. Such a project, like that of the American Library in Paris, which is now opening branches in other cities, is helping in a quiet way to foster good feeling between nations.

FOR books, indeed, are propaganda of the best and most effective sort, since in them facts speak for themselves. The lifeblood of nations pulses through them, and the ardors that move peoples to action, the inhibitions that bind them in, are written large in their pages. The more exchange there is of books between countries, the sooner international misunderstandings will be resolved.

—A. L.

Cycle

By Eric Wilson Barker

HERE are the green leaves opening in my hand,
Turning to summer, and the ripened time
I wait for winter in a yellow wood—
No final season, but a light-chinked door
To fields stirred under Aries, and the rain
Of passionate returning through the leaves
Of a green wood I waited in before.

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LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

"The Voice of Asia"

SIR: I am perplexed by John Frederick Muehl's review of "The Voice of Asia" [*SR* Feb. 29]. Your reviewer applauds my awareness, praises my courage, and approves my conclusions. But he dismisses the book because of "amazing errors." He cites four.

1.) "[Michener] declares that Hyderabad was annexed to Pakistan when actually Hyderabad refused such annexation." When the Muslim ruler of Hindu Hyderabad tried to pull a fast one and take his unwilling state into Pakistan, Nehru properly intervened with troops. I say so on pages 265 and 276.

2.) "[Michener] states that 'caste is as old as India,' though the institution is actually a relative innovation." Your reviewer is right that there is an amazing error here, but it is his. If he had referred to any standard reference he would have found that by 1 A.D. the caste system was firmly entrenched. The four basic castes date back at least to 500 B.C. The first scholars place them back much farther than that. If such dates represent a "relative innovation" I understand neither chronology nor English. What your reviewer probably meant was that the name for caste (as I carefully point out on page 254) is recent, as are some of the more meticulous and cruel codifications. But he confused the modern name with its ancient origins. I didn't.

3.) "[Michener explains] the present crisis as a revolt against the West rather than as a revolt at least largely against indigenous corruptions." I simply cannot accept this charge as proof of error. I state that Indonesia has revolted against the Dutch, Indochina against the French, and China against what it calls modern imperialism. Am I wrong? I am especially amazed at the charges coming so soon after the Iranian revolution. I thought they were rebelling against Great Britain, but apparently I was wrong. Whom did Iran rebel against? Furthermore, when, as in the case of India, there was no great hatred of the West, I meticulously said so (275-6; 263-4) at the same time pointing out (283-3) that there was agitation against indigenous corruptions: "Young men are beginning to move across India with slogans about zamindars and baniyas and waterholes. They are legitimate agrarian reformers in a nation which must start such reforms or perish." That sounds specific to me.

4.) "[Michener] seldoms recognizes the primacy of the agrarian issue." Pages 278-88 recognize little else. I also say there must be land reform within ten years or India will go Communist (283). Agriculture must be rationalized or India will have to adopt Russian land systems (286). Food is the over-riding problem (56, 256-59, 284-8). And I repeatedly warn against trying to halt legitimate agrarian reform, especially on pages 207-9. I don't think your reviewer can read.

There is one simple explanation for your dismal, distorted, and undistinguished report. The man you selected recently wrote a book of his own on India. It contains special pleading that seems extremely questionable today and some emphases that are demonstrably unsound. Yet he receives my book on all of Asia in light of his own peculiar prejudices on India. He refers only to my sixty-two pages on India, not to the 276 pages on the rest of Asia. He is arrogant, ignorant, and inattentive.

Fascinating, this business of writing on Asia. If Congress doesn't maul you, some irresponsible layman does.

JAMES A. MICHENER.

Tokyo, Japan

"Look, you don't like my manuscript because we were raised in different environments."

SIR: Mr. Michener states that he is perplexed by my review of his most recent book, "The Voice of Asia." But somehow after reading his choleric reaction I feel sure that *perplexed* is not quite the right word. I must confess that temperamentally I am the sort that is inclined in such cases as this to fight fire with fire, and yet a careful re-reading of Mr. Michener's letter has made me cautious of the possibilities of fighting vitriol with vitriol. So I have consigned to my wastebasket all those angry allusions to musical comedies and beer endorsements, and having got them out of my system I want to answer Mr. Michener dispassionately and simply, as one layman to another.

The first objection is the easiest one to answer, since the author simply restates his original misconception that the invasion of Hyderabad centered around an issue of the Nizam's threatened or planned accession to Pakistan. As a matter of fact, at the time of invasion the Nizam was arguing vehemently for the *neutrality* of his state, having declared that "by sending representation to either of the constituent assemblies Hyderabad would seem to be taking one side or the other." The real issue, therefore, was as Nehru stated it in his address of April 24, 1948: "There are two courses now open to Hyderabad—war or accession [to the Indian Union]." No "fast one"—no accession to Pakistan was contemplated, but the Indian Union "could not tolerate an independent Hyderabad." To check this conclusion and all the above quotations, see *The American Journal of International Law*, Vol. 44, pp. 286 ff.

Secondly, Mr. Michener objects to my statement that the institution of caste is "a relative innovation" and he declares that it was well established by the year 1 A.D. as what he feels is a conclusive proof of my error. I would quarrel with this date, but even assuming it, caste still turns out to be a *relative* innovation in a country where the first highly developed urban society dates back to at least 3000 B.C. or 3500 B.C. Granted, it is hard for the Western mind to conceive of a time span in which Christ Himself is fairly recent, but one holds an author to fairly rigid standards when he states categorically that "caste is as old as India."

Thirdly, Mr. Michener demurs from my statement that his book accepts too readily the cliché of Asian nationalism, and while I must decline his invitation to a "T'is—T'isn't" argument, I would like to restate the nature of my objection. I don't doubt that "The Voice of Asia" recognizes specific instances of domestic misrule in the East, but I feel that the reasoning of the book in general tends to

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underestimate the importance of this. Similarly, in answer to Michener's fourth objection I would grant that he knows there is a land problem in Asia. Again, what he does not know is the predominance of this problem over all considerations of "foreign exploitation."

Finally I did not "dismiss" "The Voice of Asia." I wrote what most others have considered a fairly balanced review, applauding the author's awareness, praising his courage, and approving his conclusions—as Mr. Michener points out. But on principle I feel one must take a stand against his *method*, which was to shoot from the hip with a shotgun, working through interpreters with no system of selection, and then drawing conclusions of enormous importance.

I agree with Mr. Michener that, no matter how you look at it, this business of writing on Asia is fascinating. And I suspect that it would get even more fascinating for Mr. Michener if he would learn how to take the bitter with the sweet.

JOHN FREDERICK MUEHL.

Ann Arbor, Mich.

Televising the Conventions

SIR: The apparent public indifference to the fact that this year's political conventions and the Presidential campaign will be commercially sponsored on television seems to Gilbert Seldes [TV AND RADIO, *SR* Mar. 15] to indicate "an apathy" which—given time—could "kill our national reaction to political stimuli." To overcome this kind of apathy, Mr. Seldes suggests that we citizens organize, and the broadcasters smile approvingly upon, local groups that would "observe, comment, question, and when necessary, protest" the state of television.

Mr. Seldes's proposal is not much longer in length than my summarization, and without some meat on its bones it is impossible for me to glimpse what the creature would be like. But Mr. Seldes has put plenty of meat, sauce, and seasoning into his protest against the commercial sponsorship of televised election-year politics. The three networks (ABC, CBS, and NBC), he implies, are not completely living up to the terms of their licenses. And it evidently pains him that the three sponsors (Admiral, Philco, and Westinghouse) will be so crass as to urge periodically that the viewing audience buy their wares.

Now, I presume that Mr. Seldes is all in favor of televising the party conventions and the subsequent campaign. But he makes little mention of exactly how the enormous cost of getting this show onto 16,000,000 screens is to be borne. Since he is one of our pioneers in TV programming, I am amazed that Mr. Seldes so quickly glosses over this crucial point.

Telecasting, whether to air political conventions or to sell Bubbly Cola, costs *somebody* pots of money. And if anyone cares to consult the profit-and-loss figures for operating a television network, he will find that, in this part of the TV business, losses predominate. True, the politics-sponsoring companies will pay several million dollars to the networks; but Mr. Seldes has neglected to mention that this will merely pay the networks' costs of operation. They will make no profit on the deals.

And what if they did? It is, of course, a legal requirement that broadcasters operate their stations in the public interest, necessity, and convenience. Moreover, the grant of a license implies that the operator will

give "free time" for educational, informational, and even entertainment purposes. Nevertheless, it is not the intent or purpose of the Communications Law that broadcasters incur substantial losses in the presentation of public-service broadcasts — losses which, in short, go well beyond the limits of financial prudence. Rather, everything about the law and its administration in the hands of the Federal Communications Commission assumes that, in fulfilling their public-service requirements, broadcasters will remain solvent. . . . I don't mean to propose that we weep for NBC and its economic problems. But I do believe that, before condemning the mere fact of commercialization, we take a careful look at the objective circumstances which require commercial sponsorship. In this case the choice is between full coverage plus the blandishments of Philco *et al.*, or abridged coverage or no coverage at all.

To get around this dilemma Mr. Seldes suggests that the sponsors be banished but that the networks "present the campaigns in the public interest with commercial messages at appropriate intervals." This will indeed remove the onus of commercialism from the network. In fact, it could easily remove the progress as well. For commercial spots, in the television business, are the sacred preserve of the local station. They go on the air from the local studios and they give the local broadcaster a prime source of revenue. In this connection the networks have no share in the pie.

From a viewing standpoint Mr. Seldes's suggestion is intriguing. At the close of a nominating speech by a perspiring politician we could fade smoothly into a one-minute sales talk for a deodorant. Then, back to convention hall. Later on, as tension over the balloting mounts, we would be urged to soothe our nerves with a refreshing cup of caffeine-free coffee.

But practically it won't work. The networks would still be asked to pay the bills, and, I might add, no contractual arrangement now exists whereby they could charge their local stations for the program.

Mr. Seldes states that program sponsorship puts responsibility for content in the hands of Admiral and the others, while spot announcements would leave responsibility to the networks. Ignoring the point that ultimate public responsibility for the televised political drama will rest with the political parties, Mr. Seldes is arguing a dubious question of law. Any broadcaster knows that the responsibility for his station's programs is his—and that includes the commercials. At the time of his regular accounting with the FCC, the Commission asks him, not his advertisers, if he has been a good boy.

PETER R. LEVIN.

New York, N. Y.

SIR: Since I cannot assume that Mr. Levin has been obtuse, I will say I was obscure and ask for space to restate my position.

I am not opposed to advertising during the coverage of the national conventions. I think that giving all the commercial time exclusively to one advertiser (on each network) does associate his product with an event of singular public interest whereas multiple messages do not, leaving the event itself in the clear.

Mr. Levin hastily assumed that I meant these messages to take the place of the commercial spots which, as he correctly says, belong to the local stations. I meant that the networks should subdivide the total time now allotted to a single sponsor among many advertisers. The grisly picture he paints of breaking into the speeches and the ballotting for commercials isn't improved if all the commercials are for the same product. It is, in any case, not a picture of what I would like; it is what the networks propose to do—within the limits of good taste and in favor of their single sponsor.

Since my article was written, the major parties and the networks have quarreled over the expenses incurred for erecting platforms and similar outlays. The logical step for 1956 is for the parties to demand that all expenses should be met by the broadcasters (ultimately by the sponsors) including transportation and keep for the talent—I mean the delegates, of course; by 1960 the parties should be in open competition for sponsorship, each promising to put on a better show than the other, and all the delegates would be members of AFRA.

The point of my article was that a serious element had been injected into our political life *without any public discussion*. I said that the apathy of the public seemed to me more disturbing than the mere fact of commercial sponsorship. As I believe in commercial broadcasting and in eternal vigilance both, my position is unaltered by Mr. Levin's defense of the networks.

On one point I take direct issue, however. The stations served by the networks enjoy a license from the Government. That license assumes a certain amount of public service. The cameramen, announcers, clerks who work for the networks do not receive from the Government exclusive right to use a portion of the air. They are not expected to work without profit. That the networks should do so, in times of national emergency or of overwhelming national importance, isn't an improper demand.

GILBERT SELDES.

New York, N. Y.

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Broadway Postscript

GOLDEN McWHITEHEAD UNDER THE ELMS

ROBERT WHITEHEAD is a fortunate man. At thirty-six he is one of the few really successful theatrical producers in the business (backers who put money into all his Broadway ventures have collected more than four times their invested capital), and now as managing director of the ANTA Play Series he has added to his reputation by reeling off three straight hits (the best of which, "Desire Under the Elms," has been invited to London in June). While his accomplishments certainly comprise some kind of modern record and make his personal future a bright one, they do not have the youthful producer in a state of jubilation.

"Of course I'm pleased," he mutters tiredly. "But what I'm terribly afraid of is that all the work we've put in on this play series isn't growing into anything."

Although most ANTA board members feel that making the play series grow into something is a fine ideal, they consider such an objective still in the dreaming stage and will be content if Mr. Whitehead and his crew can go on producing good plays piecemeal with even half the success he has been having. As ANTA's president, Robert Dowling, describes the situation, "ANTA is in the same position as the man who when asked what he did in the French Revolution replied, 'I survived'."

Mr. Whitehead, whose mild-mannered, conservative façade masks an intense theatrical zeal, is appalled at the thought of having to tread water for several seasons. "The plays we've done so far this year are all plays I would have been willing to do on Broadway," he says. "What ANTA must have, and must have quickly, is a permanent acting company which will be able to do the kind of productions commercial managers don't and shouldn't attempt."

Mr. Whitehead has in mind a company of about twenty professional actors working under a thirty-five-week contract. This company would produce five major productions the first year, some of which would be maintained as part of their permanent repertory. A sample season might include O'Neill's "The Great God Brown," Shakespeare's "Measure for Measure," Chekhov's "Ivanov," a Molière comedy, and a new American play. In addition they would do a great deal of developmental work which would include the trying-out of scenes or plays by new playwrights. "Since this group would be to America what the Old Vic is to England it should be subsidized either by the Government or by private philanthropy, for a period of at least three years," he adds thoughtfully.

The producer, who is Canadian by birth but a U. S. resident since 1936, warns that ANTA's permanent company should not emulate the style of foreign actors. "When we do Shakespeare, it should be a distinctively American approach to Shakespeare." As a matter of fact he has used this theme of theatre Americana to guide his play choice in his first ANTA season.

"In my mind," he says, "I related each play to the next. We started with 'Desire Under the Elms' because O'Neill was the turning point in the American theatre. Before him we were more or less copying the British. The second play, 'Mrs. McThing,' made a nice contrast, and still Mrs. Chase's fantasy is highly American in flavor. 'Golden Boy' was representative of the next real step after O'Neill, and now we are doing Gertrude Stein's 'Four Saints in Three Acts,' which is a perfect example of the chi-chi thing Odets, with his roots in the Depression, was rebelling against."

ANTA's fifth play will be "Sunday Breakfast," a new play by two as yet unproduced playwrights, Emery Rubio and Miriam Balf. "It's the best new script I've come across this year," states ANTA's managing director." "It's depressing but extremely truthful, and I believe in it."

—*Halley Erskine.*

Robert Whitehead—"low-pitched fervor."

Believing in a script is fundamental to the Whitehead system. He is convinced that a producer should only produce what is first-rate in his own mind. In his case being first-rate means that the script must contain human problems that he can understand and relate to something in his own experience about which he feels truthfully and deeply.

DOING things he doesn't believe in has never made much sense to Mr. Whitehead. "When I was a kid, I and my cousin Hume Cronyn, who at that time was four years older than I was, used to act out plays together in Muskoka, Ontario. He was impossible as a director, but I did what he said because he was older than I was," Whitehead recalls with a sly grin. From then until the war he was a commercial photographer, an advertising executive, and an actor in small parts on Broadway and in summer stock. Finally he enlisted in the Ambulance Corps, serving in North Africa, Italy, and Burma. It was out there where time and death make the element of risk seem unimportant that Whitehead decided to be a producer of worthwhile plays ("plays of good literary value even if they do have imperfections in their construction; after all, what's Fortinbras doing in Hamlet'?"). In 1946 when the Theatre Guild dropped their option on "Medea" he grabbed it, worked a year getting it ready for production as he saw it (a psychological play dealing with modern problems), and to his surprise the supposedly non-commercial play became a smash hit.

He then made the mistake of following up his first attempt too quickly. "Crime and Punishment" ran only eleven weeks. "I should have taken more time getting it ready. It didn't get bad notices, but audiences found it not truthful enough. The emotions were not always honest."

"Member of the Wedding," which he produced a year later, had been rejected by almost everybody. However, Whitehead was captured by its warm poetic theme of loneliness. Most important, this theme was not superimposed but there "in the grain of the wood." It was picked by the drama critics as the best American play of 1950.

He has followed the same careful procedure with the next play he will stage under his own banner, Arthur Laurents's "The Time of the Cuckoo," which he acquired a year ago but

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which he has deferred until next fall in order to get the required rewriting and the desired actress, in this case Shirley Booth.

While his exacting taste makes it difficult for him to find plays to do, his insistence on sticking to what he feels is right about a play stood him in good stead when he had to resist out-of-town tryout pressure to make changes in "Mrs. McThing." "Everyone wanted us to cut out the appearance of the witch at the end," he says, "but I felt that it belonged in the play, and I said to myself, 'If you're going to be destroyed, it might as well be by something you want to do rather than by something you don't want to do'." "Mrs. McThing" is now a smash hit and, with the picture rights pending, potentially the most profitable play ANTA has ever produced. Just the same, Whitehead still uses some of his precious time to be present at extra rehearsals and approve any changes that might creep into the production.

ACTIONS like these have convinced the producer's associates that Whitehead runs on a fuel of creative satisfactions. Directors (with one flagrant exception) like to work with him, because although he often disagrees with them he manages to do it in terms they understand and respect. His talent for collaboration extends right down the line through his production staff. As his press agent, Barry Hyans, puts it, "He makes us feel we're working *with* Whitehead, not *for* Whitehead."

Together with Lewis Allen, his production assistant, they have worked out a system of script appraisal which *is* growing towards something. Allen's job is not only to read all scripts that come in, but to keep up with contemporary fiction. In this way he keeps himself immune to the lure of well-dramatized junk. Unfortunately, his efforts to bring some of the good literary people into the theatre have been partly stymied by the failure to materialize of ANTA's proposed workshop plan. William Styron, Norman Mailer, Calder Willingham, Vance Bourjaily, and William Goyen had all volunteered to come in and work this season with a permanent acting group which would have been the beginning of the kind of company Whitehead is plugging for.

Mr. Goyen explains the author's stake in the venture. "I felt that writing sequences, and then seeing them performed by the group, would make us see our work in the play form. Not a lot of discussion, but work by yourself, look at it on the stage, and then back to work again fixing it. Just

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imagine what Henry James might have done with a set-up like that."

The incentive of a production to an author also cannot be underestimated. Mr. Whitehead had started out with the idea that an acting company working on a very small budget could operate this season in workshop and possibly perform the fifth production in the series which would have been by one of the writers working with the group. Unfortunately, not even the small amount necessary was available, and the project had to be shelved.

President Dowling, who as a solid New Yorker also professes a fondness for the ANTA permanent acting company idea, nevertheless feels that such a company is not essential and must take a back seat to the servicing functions ANTA performs to theatre groups all over the country. He doesn't think that ANTA should request a subsidy from the Government, because Government subsidy would lead inevitably to political influence. As a man long experienced in fund-raising, he estimates that it will be at least five years before the private donations to ANTA might make a permanent acting company possible.

It is Mr. Whitehead's contention, however, that a permanent acting company would do more to stimulate the theatre all over the country than any other thing ANTA could do. "It would become the spine of the whole American theatre, something that would inspire theatre workers everywhere. Helping to establish it would change the play series from a chore to a mission," he says softly but with a low-pitched fervor.

WHILE Mr. Dowling and Mr. Whitehead differ on the urgency of a permanent acting company, they and Helen Hayes (whom Whitehead describes as the most skilful actress and finest person to work with in the theatre he's ever come across) are tremendously respectful of each other's ability to get things done. "Many people," says Mr. Whitehead with a bitter smile, "think the theatre is a lot of talking, theorizing, and picking at things. Actually, if it's professional, it has to be damned hard work. Mr. Dowling is a wonderfully energetic hard worker, and whenever we've run into a crisis in the play series he's been the one who has acted and gotten results." Conversely the fifty-six-year-old Mr. Dowling looks on Mr. Whitehead with the same benevolence that Horace Stoneham looks on Leo Durocher. "When a man wins pennants for you like Mr. Whitehead has, you back him to the limit," says the huge realtor.

The limit is apparently somewhere short of an immediate permanent acting company, unless ANTA decides to conduct a separate money-raising campaign on behalf of such a project. The probability is remote, but those close to Mr. Whitehead say he never gives up on an idea once he comes to believe in it..

—HENRY HEWES.

Drama Notes

THREE FAMOUS PLAYS. By Ivan Turgeniev. Translated by Constance Garnett. Scribner's. $3. Turgeniev, the playwright, has always been somewhat obscured by Chekhov, whom he foreshadowed and whom he resembles in his stress on the inner tempests that jiggle the lid of an overcivilized teapot. While a reading of the late Constance Garnett's translation of three of his plays does not have you doubting the supremacy of the later dramatist, it does leave you with a heretical suspicion that Turgeniev's dramatic compositions may be even more playable for modern audiences than those of the illustrious Anton.

For whereas Chekhov sometimes confuses by spreading your interest evenly over a great variety of characters, Turgeniev tends to focus more on one with whom the audience can identify itself. In "A Month in the Country," it is Natalia, tortured by jealousy and unrequited love. In the one-act "A Woman of the Provinces," it is Darya, who, unlike Chekhov's three sisters, actually finds a way to get from the country to St. Petersburg. And in the two-act "A Poor Gentleman" (known in an earlier translation as "The Family Charge"), it is Tropatchov, a pathetic old man who is humiliated by his smug benefactors to the point where he reveals that he is the illegitimate father of the fashionable young wife of one of them.

Broadway obviously doesn't share this opinion, as the last Turgeniev production here was in 1930. Maybe this new edition will stimulate some thinking on the subject and at least a few Little Theatre revivals of these plays.

I AM A CAMERA. By John Van Druten. Adapted from "The Berlin Stories" by Christopher Isherwood. Random House. $2.50. The text of the play which has been awarded the Drama Critics Award as the best American play of 1952. In the voting it received this department's wholehearted support. Mr. Van Druten wrote the play at the suggestion of playwright Dodie Smith, to whom he has dedicated the book.

—H. H.

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SR Goes to the Movies

CONRAD'S FAR EAST, STRINDBERG'S GLOOM

ONE way of describing the literary excellences of a work of fiction is to say that, ineluctably, it defies transference to the stage or screen. I came across an encomium of this sort in an essay that H. L. Mencken wrote on Joseph Conrad, published at a time when movie audiences were thrilling to the tribulations of Lillian Gish in "Broken Blossoms." Mencken saw no possibility for Conrad's stories and novels to get beyond the bounds of the printed page. Of "An Outcast of the Islands" he had this, in particular, to say: "The world fails to breed actors for such roles, or stage managers to penetrate such travails of the spirit, or audiences for the revelation thereof." A silent movie, "Lord Jim," and a talking version of "Victory" subsequently seemed to prove Mencken all the more right. Nevertheless, forces were working, all unbeknownst to Mencken, to prove him wrong. For at the time of writing the above declaration young Carol Reed had reached the age of ten, Ralph Richardson at fifteen was still far from his knighthood, Robert Morley was a little fellow of eight, and Trevor Howard had not yet learned to walk.

The new movie that Carol Reed has done is called "Outcast of the Islands" (Lopert). It is pure Conrad, surprisingly close to the original novel both in event and spirit. What is left out Conrad might very well have wanted left out at a later date, for in this early work he provided three separate climaxes. Reed has chosen the one that is most ironic and most appropriate. Conrad also included some fairly uninteresting intrigue between the Arab and Malay settlers of Sambir, where the redoubtable Captain Lingard established a trading post on his "secret river." Only enough of this has been left in to make the essential story clear. What has resulted is a steamingly alive movie, strikingly photographed (much of it "on location" in Ceylon), wonderfully acted. The very first moments of it make you aware that you are in firm, sure hands, that your trip to the Malay straits is both necessary and worthwhile. This is not only the best that Carol Reed, already the possessor of a stunning reputation as a director, has yet done, but it represents something of a new departure for him. "Outcast of the Islands," which he has produced as well as directed, shows him moving into a more serious and rewarding phase, something quite different from the crime and thriller movies with which his name is usually associated.

"The Third Man" and "Odd Man Out" showed his fondness for atmospheric effects, and this same fondness may have determined his attraction to a writer who filled his works with them. The novel was drenched with atmosphere; Conrad himself called it the most "tropical" of his Eastern tales. In the movie the atmosphere hangs just as heavy: a dirty, muddy river; the rocky reefs at its mouth that prevent entrance of any but Lingard's schooner; the native huts on poles sunk into the mud-banks. You might think that Reed and his photographer had found the very river that sparked Conrad's imagination, even though its exact geographical location is never made fully clear in the book. The movie doesn't make it clear either; it's merely tropical and Far Eastern. The time is probably the later 1800's, when there was some fierce rivalry between the British, the Dutch, and the Arabs for the trade of the East Indies, and before "a great pall of smoke had been sent out by countless steamboats." Within this generality Reed has created his specific details lovingly, seeming to search for those that are particularly Conradian. Conrad's Far East, it must be admitted, is sometimes regarded as slightly mythical. One does not get a feeling of a period, but rather of a tale-like atmosphere—one altogether real during the time of the telling and, in the movie, of the viewing.

"An Outcast of the Islands" was Conrad's second novel, written, so he tells us, in response to his editor's suggestion, "Why not try another?" The question seems to have had magic properties, for Conrad immediately began work on what turned out to be a curious sort of sequel to his first book, "Almayer's Folly." Captain Lingard and Almayer had already been introduced in that book; so had Babalatchi, the scheming native. The new book went back in time to show how the prosperity of Lingard and Almayer, the peacefulness of Sambir, had been disrupted by a strange romance between Willems, a protegé of Captain Lingard, and Aissa, a native girl, half Arab and half Malay. The book actually turned out to be a study of the disintegration of a once proud man, and it is on this decline and fall of Willems that the movie concentrates.

This theme, it occurs to me, is a hardy perennial, one that most writers seem unable to avoid when dealing with exotic neighborhoods. It became very new and shining in the hands of Conrad—the melodramatic trappings are only on the surface of his works—and it has lost no luster in the hands of Carol Reed. There is nothing stereotyped in this movie, no Dorothy Lamour wandering around in a sarong. There is, however, someone infinitely more attractive, a young Arab actress called Kerima, who plays the part of Aissa. The fact that she has no lines to speak somehow emphasizes all the more the libidinous nature of Willems's relationship with her. She, it can be said, seems to have stepped right out of the book, and so have others, to loom before us, alive and engrossing.

For this Carol Reed had the help of a fine, authentic screenplay by William Fairchild, and some splendid acting. Ralph Richardson's performance as Captain Lingard is superlative; equally so is that of Robert Morley as Almayer; both give the impression of having been specifically bred for their roles. Perhaps the hardest job, though, fell to Trevor Howard as Willems; he had to make clear the successive stages of degradation, and the final, self-loathing that is left to Willems as retribution for his betrayals of Captain Lingard. Wendy Hiller is seen to advantage, but not very often, as Almayer's wife. Conrad devotees may notice a few changes in race and coloration in some of the minor characters, but these are hardly consequential. Multitudinous audiences "for the revelation thereof" are surely owing to "Outcast of the Islands"; it is a beautiful and intensely absorbing film, made possible by a rare amalgam of cinematic and acting talents.

* * *

Space is lacking, unfortunately, to go into the many merits of a new Swedish movie, "Miss Julie" (Trans-Global Pictures), that opened in New York recently. It is based on the Strindberg play of similar title, and

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has been sensitively directed by Alf Sjoberg. Some of the acting now and then seems a little heavy for American taste, but for the most part the picture is a restrained and beautifully photographed rendering of one of Strindberg's representatively gloomy plays. Anita Bjork, as the haunted Miss Julie, struck my fancy most among the actors. She manages to make quite credible her confusions, her futile affair with the butler of her household, and the impulse towards self-destruction bred in her by parents of differing moralities and ideologies. It is altogether a period piece, of course, for it would be hard to take seriously some of Strindberg's revelations in a present-day context, but Miss Julie's dilemma is poignant nevertheless. The play has been broadened out to include more characterizations and some flashbacks of the past. The latter are sometimes poetically done, but occasionally have the look of obvious contrivance about them. They are, however, always a help in understanding the girl's tormented spirit. An unusual and worthwhile movie. It was a prizewinner at the last Cannes festival, however much that might mean.

—HOLLIS ALPERT.

SR Recommends

Outcast of the Islands: Reviewed in this issue.

Miss Julie: Reviewed in this issue.

Walk East on Beacon: An admirably detailed filming of counter-espionage in the USA, made with the cooperation of the FBI.

Singin' in the Rain: Gene Kelly in a nostalgic spoofing of the early talkies.

Encore: Another trio of Maugham short stories turned into an engaging film. (*SR* Mar. 29.)

The Man in the White Suit: Alec Guinness invents a fabric that will never wear out—with hilarious consequences. (*SR* Mar. 29.)

My Six Convicts: Prison lore based on Donald Powell Wilson's book of same name. (*SR* Mar. 29.)

Deadline—U.S.A.: For once, a true-to-life film about the newspaper profession. (*SR* Mar. 29.)

The Marrying Kind: Matrimony runs a bumpy but witty course as delineated by actress Judy Holliday, director George Cukor, and writers Kanin & Gordon. (*SR* Mar. 22.)

5 Fingers: L. C. Moyzisch's "Operation Cicero" turned into a spy film that avoids all the usual clichés of the genre and includes an abundance of the Mankiewicz sophistication. (*SR* Mar. 8.)

Cry, the Beloved Country: A sensitive screen translation by Alan Paton of his moving novel of South African life. (*SR* Feb. 2.)

The Young and the Damned: Luis Bunuel's enlightened and enlightening study of Mexico's juvenile delinquents, reviewed here under its original title, "Los Olvidados." (*SR* Sept. 15.)

Wendy Hiller, Ralph Richardson, Trevor Howard, Robert Morley—"rare amalgam. . . ."

—*From "Outcast of the Islands."*

Kerima (center)—"seems to have stepped right out of the book."

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Music to My Ears

"AMAHL" & "ELIJAH" JOIN "PARSIFAL" IN THE EASTER PARADE

STUDENTS of seasonal music-making found some unfamiliar but hardly unwelcome deviations from custom in the matter produced for Easter observance. To the traditional — Bing-willing — "Parsifal" (at the Metropolitan) the City Center provided the counter of the airy "Amahl" of Menotti, and the Philharmonic-Symphony interceded in Carnegie Hall with a streamlined "Elijah" trimmed by Mitropoulos for the hour-and-a-half pattern of the Sunday broadcast.

Whether what was heard was actually Mendelssohn's "Elijah," or Mitropoulos's, involved not merely the omission of certain choral and solo episodes that have a part in the unfolding of the story, but more fundamentally the conductor's whole approach to the score. He achieved a striking improvement in the usual balance of chorus vs. orchestra in Carnegie Hall by asking for a U-shaped platform on which the chorus was arranged around and *above* the instrumentalists; but he also achieved a rather nervous rendering of Mendelssohn by fast tempos and sharp accentuations which disturbed the flow of the music. This conductor's merits are many, but a relaxed hand with a simple melodic statement is not among them.

Thus, such a superb episode as "If with All Your Hearts," eloquently phrased by Richard Tucker, came out jumbled and insecure for want of firm rhythmic integration, and the equally fine "Lord God Abraham" was pushed along rather unceremoniously, rather than being spread expansively on the air. To be sure, Desire Ligeti, a Hungarian bass imported to sing this and other music of Elijah, has neither the secure top nor the molded sense of legato to do Mendelssohn justice, but Mitropoulos did not help with his over-active tempos.

In the interests of interest Mitropoulos had his Elijah on a pulpit-like platform at stage right, Mmes. Frances Greer and Martha Lipton at the rear near the chorus, and Richard Tucker off at the left where the organ usually is. Elijah gestured toward Heaven from time to time, Miss Greer walked around to sing one bit near Elijah, and Tucker mounted a little flight of steps for some of his singing. I doubt that this added much to understanding of the text, since the articulation was uniformly poor; it did detract from attention to the music by devices of movement much more artificial than the conventional static concert manner. Some of the orchestral playing was first class, as was the work of the Westminster Choir; but the net worth of the performance could have easily been declared on any questionnaire, without incriminating anybody but Mendelssohn.

Menotti's audacity in transferring his creations from one medium to another—radio to stage, stage to radio to records to films—seemed stretched to perilous extremes in the transfer of "Amahl and the Night Visitors" from TV to stage, but it survived the ordeal for a single reason: the basic power and integrity of the musical impulse. On the stage of the City Center young Chet Allen's boy soprano was nearly inaudible in the seventh row and must have been but a whisper in the balcony, and some of the scoring cozened by the microphones was wafer thin in the theatre. But the opening string passages, beautifully phrased by the rising young conductor Thomas Schippers, cast a spell that was never dispelled by what followed, however close to the limits of audibility. Those who disparage Menotti for not writing modern music should at least honor him for writing what is indubitably music. He may be reaping the past rather than sowing the future, but his shoot, however slender, puts out leaves and bears fruit.

Aside from the thinnish scoring and the perilous reliance on a boy soprano in a leading role—no Allen, no Amahl —the stage production sustained all the impressions conveyed by TV: the good, simple, sustained invention in the score, the forceful character of the Mother as played by Rosemary Kuhlmann, the effective characterization of the Kings, as sung by Lawrence Winters, Richard Wentworth, and Michael Pollock. Eugene Berman's complicated setting left me in doubt whether the scene was Riverdale or——, but the universality thus implied had its point. "Amahl" seems a more likely perennial than "Elijah," if only because the identity of Schippers with his task was more complete than Mitropoulos's with his.

As for "Parsifal," it is Tennyson's brook, so far as operas are concerned —men may come, men may go, etc. Whether, brook-like, it babbles, purls, or soothes depends largely on momentary matters of casting and direction, for everybody knows that the now-pallid Urban production is ugly and disillusioning. Fritz Stiedry directs it with all the contempt for elapsed time of which Mitropoulos's "Elijah" was so critically aware, and with a certain want of the incisiveness that gave the latter's Mendelssohn sharpness of outline, if nothing else. Herbert Graf's well-planned action for Act II made the flower maidens less a Vassar daisy chain than usual, though the costuming grows ever more impoverished.

Since there is as fine an Amfortas at large as George London, neither Paul Schoeffler nor Hans Hotter made me altogether happy. Likewise the alternate players of Guernemanz, Deszo Ernster (earnest enough, but lacking any legato) and Jerome Hines, who has come along remarkably in a very difficult role but remains more convincing when heard but not seen (via radio in Act III) than when heard and seen in the theatre in Act I. For a big man, Hines gets relatively little plus effect from the length of arm and limb he has to manipulate.

Altogether, the broadcast was the best of the three New York performances, for it included both the vibrant Kundry of Margaret Harshaw and the musically sung Parsifal of Hans Hopf. Miss Harshaw was disaffectingly costumed for the seduction of Act II, but she forges steadily across the musical terrain taking bumps, declivities, and rises in stride. Already marked by uncommon word emphasis, it could amount to great singing, for the voice knows no fears and is rich from bottom to top. Hopf's Parsifal bore out the expectations roused by his Walther, for he can curve a phrase where most other Wagner tenors sing a series of notes, his range is ample, his power adequate. He could, however, learn to support his tones better, especially in the low register, where they sometimes fell off to inaudibility for lack of sufficient breath. Altogether, however, he makes a very listenable Parsifal, and a not-too-impossible looking one.

—IRVING KOLODIN.

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TV and Radio

GHOST WRITERS IN THE SKY

A SCORE or more years ago there appeared in *Variety*, the show-biz mag, a memorable advertisement. This simple and poignant insertion in the back pages of that magazine reveals more than any documentary I have since come across the thought process of the acts which made up the circuits of early-day vaudeville. From the yellowed scrapbook of my memory I offer that ad now with reverence:

IN LOVING MEMORY OF
OUR DEAR FATHER
WHO PASSED AWAY ONE YEAR
AGO TODAY
SADLY MISSED BY
THE THREE HAPPY NELSONS

The senior Nelson, from his high Olympus atop the Great Trapeze, must have been singularly stirred, and as the thunder about him drum-rolled his finishing trick he must have added an extra convolution as he sprang through the air to the swinging bar across the horizon.

Show biz since those early days has gone through many flip-flops of its own, and now we have television. Whereas the Happy Nelsons may have gone on for years and years flying through the air to the constant amazement of their audiences in the theatres across the three thousand miles of towns and hamlets in this country, today their flight would be once across a twenty-inch television screen and their career would be finished.

This new medium has a voracious appetite. Its feeding hours are from early morning till late night. Its diet consists of scenery, costumes, lights, make-up, music, choreography, sound, and words. And the greatest of these is words. And not just words compounded out of thin air or lame brain, but words which have been scrupulously prepared and seasoned, and fed to those who inhabit this new box of magic week after week after week.

These words are prepared by a sordid little masochistic group of people known vaguely to the trade as "the writers." And known even more vaguely to the viewers of television unless they are quick to read names as they roll hurriedly by at the close of a program.

"DANNY KAYE MULLS MILLION DOLLAR TV STINT" might be a headline in *Variety*. Or "JACKIE GLEASON INKS HUGE TELE PACT." And somewhere down in the story will be the names of the orchestra leader who will conduct, the announcer, the director, the producer, the girl singer, the agent who wrangled the deal, the advertising agency that signed it, the sponsor who fell for it, and the sound man.

After the handshakes and the celebration for the press at Twenty-One, somebody will remember they haven't inked or pacted a writer. Then somebody else will recall a couple of faceless men who have a typewriter and paper and ulcers, and wives and children they don't mind giving up for thirty-nine weeks, and so the writers are finally crowded into the budget as an afterthought, to languish unknown and unsung.

For just how unknown and unsung they are refer to a recent *Variety* review on the completion of the second year of the Sid Caesar-Imogene Coca program, "Your Show of Shows." I offer this clipping with reverence:

> This top variety session has come a long way since its inception [says *Variety*]. Behind and fronting the scenery is one of the genuine know-how staffs in the business. Among them is the production team of George McGarrett and Hal Junis, music director Charles Sanford, choral topper Clay Warnick, choreographer James Starbuck, costume designer Paul DuPont, the corps of writers, and making each gear mesh at the unfolding, TV director Bill Hobin.

The corps of writers!

I look forward now to an advertisement in a forthcoming *Variety* issue. A page perhaps—bold-face type:

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THE THREE HAPPY WRITERS

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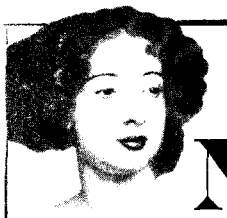
—GOODMAN ACE.



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—ORVILLE PRESCOTT,
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MUSIC

(*Continued from page 21*)

his capacity for intimating much more than he says, are irresistibly felt throughout the book and must evoke an infinite number of fascinating speculations—perhaps different in kind but equal in intensity—in the minds of both the tyro and the initiated reader. Through this the book, notwithstanding the fact that its analytical dissections seem to circle around the surface, becomes in its final direction almost profound.

This is particularly true with regard to the book's last part, dealing with twelve-tone music and summarizing the course of musical events and ideas during recent decades. For here the author certainly prevents the reader from underestimating the achievements and the evolutional impulses of modern music but equally protects him from overestimating the importance of many of its temporary trends dictated by fashion. Abraham for instance demonstrates, almost amusingly, how the theoretical effort to wipe out any vestige of feeling and "romantic" emotion from music very naturally leads to a refreshing re-humanization of the musical practice—even should the forbidden terms of romanticism and emotion be replaced by new slogans. Through this and many other points, although an actual solution to the musical crisis of our time is not yet offered, the reader is prepared to focus his attention on the very problems out of which one day the solution may develop or perhaps explode.

—Rudolph Reti.

MODERN MUSIC-MAKERS: Contemporary American Composers. By Madeleine Goss. Dutton. $10. This lavishly produced book deals with thirty-seven composers born between 1874 (Charles Ives) and 1922 (Lukas Foss). All but Foss were born in the United States; all but the late John Alden Carpenter are alive at this writing. Each is represented by a chatty descriptive-biographical article bulging with praise and leaning heavily on footnoted quotations from the writings of others. Perhaps a few statistics are the most interesting comment on this otherwise impervious text. For example, six of the thirty-seven music-makers are women. In some decades of concert-going I have encountered music by only two of them; two others have names I had never seen or heard before I found them in this volume. I note without tendentious comment that they appear as not quite one-sixth of contemporary American music in a book written by a woman.

All of the most widely heard contemporary American-born "serious" composers are praised here. They are represented by photographs, lists of compositions, and very sketchy chronologies—as well as by Madeleine Goss's effusive, uncritical commentaries. Without consulting a reference book—and therefore being uncertain that all are American born—I wondered at the absence of Randall Thompson, Quincy Porter, Paul Nordoff, Elliott Carter, Paul Bowles, Arthur Berger, and Samuel L. M. Barlow. By a definition somewhat broader than place of birth, we might, of course, have had the additional color of, say, Bloch, Menotti, and Stravinsky. By a still broader (and perhaps more "American") definition, we might also have had Irving Berlin, Cole Porter, and Richard Rodgers.

But then, of course, we should not have had this book, which does not proffer lively reading or promise rich reference. It is couched in a bland style derived from those music-club publications designed to assist ladies' study groups. The adjectives it calls to mind are not all gentlemanly, though "amorphous" and "pallid" are not fighting words. By now it is clear that I find nothing in this book except the photographs and a few facts to like—or even to masticate. I'll stop, therefore. But not before saying that at something over two cents per printed page "Modern Music-Makers" is a luxury item even in an hour of high book prices. Pretensions, page-size, and price are all larger than the value of the actual contents.

—Herbert Weinstock.

BEETHOVEN: Letters, Journals, and Conversations. By Michael Hamburger. Pantheon. $3.75. Mr. Hamburger has aimed to present Beethoven by bringing together his writings and the accounts of witnesses. He wishes "to provide the reader with a basis upon which he may construct his own biography of Beethoven"—to spare him, perhaps, any more of the theories which have been visited upon the inquiring listener for more than a century, such as who was the "immortal beloved," where Bettina Brentano cheated, or just how reprehensible the composer was in treating his friends and his publishers as he often did. Mr. Hamburger's method has been to cull the more revealing letters or parts of letters, to add significant remarks from the sketchbooks, in two instances from the conversation books of the deaf man, and various "reminiscences," stringing the whole into an ordered sequence. He attempts to take care of various allusions by a chronological table of events and works, a minimum of footnotes, and an index of the persons named, with a description of each. This does pretty well, but sometimes falls far short of the attendant circumstances. For example, Therese Malfatti is identified merely as "a friend of Beethoven's"—a considerable understatement of Beethoven's feelings for that charmer! Mr. Hamburger's translations sometimes miss. He has Beethoven say to Krumpholz in 1803: "From today onwards I will turn over a new leaf." This hardly suggests the titan who had the piano sonatas, Opus 31, in hand and the "Eroica" on the anvil. It waters down "Heute an will ich ein neuen Weg einschlagen" ("From now on I will strike a new path").

Beethoven, writing, speaking, or seen at first hand, stands forth clearly enough for all his complexities and contradictions. Writing to his intimate friends, particularly his boyhood ones, he is charming and lovable. To some of his cronies his humor has an edge of open contempt. With the publishers he is a hard bargainer, more muddled than shrewd. His letters to his rich patrons are a strange mixture of affection and anticipation of favors to come, keeping us aware that he is readier to give than to take insolence. He is capable of a devastating temper, where wounded pride is sometimes followed by unconvincing self-justification, and finally remorse. He expresses noble thoughts, devout sentiments, and is equally ready for trade gossip or coarse joking. This unwitting self-portrait is fairly complete, and the neat and compact compilation of the book contains it.

—John N. Burk.

Solution of Last Week's Double-Crostic (No. 943)

HENRY S[EIDEL] CANBY:
TURN WEST, TURN EAST
(Mark Twain and Henry James)

Without the creative imagination of Mark Twain especially, but also without the perceptiveness of Henry James—Henry James much more than has been supposed—we would know much less of the human background of twentieth-century America.

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FICTION

(*Continued from page 18*)

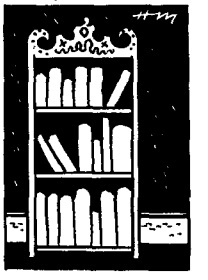
writer, has gone back also to the country from which old Nick once emigrated: John Fante's "Ask the Dust" was successfully translated into Italian years ago as "Il cammino della polvere." And the translator was Elio Vittorini, the Italian writer who in his turn greatly contributed to making the new American literature not only known, but directly influential, in the country of John Fante's father.

Fiction Notes

THE CRIPPLED MUSE. By Hugh Wheeler. Rinehart. $3. Mr. Wheeler has crowded several usually separate items into one surprising package. Here is a murder mystery (in fact, a double murder mystery), a story of literary detection, and a love story—all swiftly unfolding against the incredible landscape of Capri. In five eventful days and nights on the storied isle his novel builds up its bizarre mysteries and dissolves them.

Through the startling and amusing episodes of the five days, Mr. Wheeler sketches the education of an American in the person of Professor Horace Beddoes. It will surprise some readers to learn that Horace, now twenty-eight, has been for some time a "full professor" at an Ohio college—a rank which he apparently achieved by publication of his dissertation on the poems of Merape Sloane, a fantastically successful Ohio poet of the 1920's. Since the Twenties Merape Sloane has been living on Capri, and writing not a line. The hope of finding material for a biography has brought Horace to the fabled isle; and the conclusion that he must not write it takes him away after his brief, bewitching, and disillusioned pilgrimage.

Horace Beddoes approached Capri with an impressive knowledge of its licentious traditions, and expecting to find it astir with exotic people. But he was not prepared for the extremes that he discovered: wealth and poverty, glamor and squalor, sophistication and naivete, shamelessness and prudery all crammed together on six square miles of rock and jostling each other in the tiny village piazza. Amid the incredible people of Capri he soon found incredible experiences and discoveries. In a few days he passed through a bewildering sequence of emotions, and he left the island with considerably more understanding of the human race than he had brought.



The light, color, and space of Capri suffuse this novel, and its long memories of a pagan past cast their rich shadows. The island was "a silver-grey sea-horse plunging out of the Mediterranean, with the village riding its back like a jewelled saddle and the clouds a flowing white mane tumbling from the flaunted head of Monte Solaro." It had soothed the embittered age of the Emperor Tiberius and kindled the imagination of Hans Christian Andersen. Now it had become the refuge of social misfits and cultural pretenders, of rebels and outcasts.

The meaning of "The Crippled Muse" is all but crowded out by its plot, but no one is likely to put this novel down. —WALTER HAVINGHURST.

LOOK DOWN IN MERCY. By Walter Baxter. Putnam. $3.50. This first essay at fiction by Walter Baxter automatically rises to a high level of interest by facing up to problems which have been considered taboo or else have been solved melodramatically in numerous other war novels by writers on both sides of the Atlantic. Revelations about the nature of heroism, cowardice, physical and psychological endurance, loneliness, homosexuality, love, and responsibility grimly crowd into the mind of his novel's main character in such a way as to reflect in part or in whole the silent obsessions which affect any soldier in any army.

One of the few areas incompletely covered by war novels is the Far East and, in particular, the conquest of Burma by the Japanese during the early stages of the war that saw the painful rout of British Army and Indian Gurkha units. Walter Baxter helps fill this gap by drawing on his six years of British Army service for painstaking details of locale, exciting troop maneuvers, and the complex reaction of soldiers to unexpected realities.

During Captain Tony Kent's peacetime army life abroad, the energy-sapping heat and long, wearisome stretches of inactivity punctuated by time-killing drinking and self-pitying thinking had debilitating effects. With the outbreak of war in 1942, Kent, as a company commander, is forced to assume military responsibilities by virtue of rank rather than inclination, adding to his personal problems. In the midst of the desperate defense against the Japanese, Kent is shocked to find that during a trying enemy shelling he is drawn to seek physical comfort in the arms of his womanly-efficient, courageous orderly, Anson.

Kent permits this discovery to flower into homosexuality and a mutually supporting camaraderie. Kent sporadically attempts to break the relationship but does not have the power of self-denial. Mr. Baxter clarifies Kent's character by pointing out that such psychological compulsions as exhibitionism, deep religious feelings, or devotion to ideals which encourage heroism are absent; Kent lives for life's sake, like most mortals in the last analysis.

As for narrative skill, sections like the on-foot trek by Kent and Anson from Mandalay to Imphal remind one of Jack London's best descriptions of man struggling with nature. The many strands of plot hold the reader's attention while Mr. Baxter displays a rousing knack for good story-telling with lean, unfrilled prose.

—SIEGFRIED MANDEL.

SHILOH. By Shelby Foote. Dial. $2.75. Shelby Foote has turned to history for the material of his fourth novel. Its action, covering the two days in April 1862 when the bloody battle of Shiloh was shifting back and forth, is almost exclusively concerned with the details of that battle. It is presented to us in the first-person narratives of seventeen

FRASER YOUNG'S LITERARY CRYPT No. 462

A cryptogram is writing in cipher. Every letter is part of a code that remains constant throughout the puzzle. Answer No. 462 will be found in the next issue.

VPLOMW BVM CAJJMT

DPJO FBPT IMFJ DPJO

LBVM, BTE RAWJ DPJO

CVPMN.

—JOASBW NXRRMV.

Answer to Crypt No. 461

Every man seeks for truth; but God only knows who has found it.

—LORD CHESTERFIELD.

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fictional participants in the battle, some from each side. As an exercise in straight narrative description of an historical event the experiment is an interesting one. Mr. Foote writes a clear, unaffected, and telling prose and he has kept his eye on his main purpose: to recreate the battle for us. In this he has succeeded admirably. He has not, however, succeeded in investing his material with novelistic purpose or any larger significance. This is in large part because he has kept completely on the surface of his characters and failed to make them either distinguishable from one another or interesting as a composite. The result is a disappointing volume from a writer who continues to evidence superb control over the mechanics of his craft.

THE STORY AT CANONS. By Harold Elvin. Roy. $3. This is a re-creation—in spun sugar—of eighteenth-century England as every romantic lover of the charming would like to have had it. The ladies are lovely, the gallants are gallant, the decor is delightful, and the conversation skips like a pebble across sunlit waters. Also, love conquers all.

Mr. Elvin has set his slight tale largely against the backdrop of Canons, the mythically beautiful palace of the Duke of Chandes. To it the Duke brings Anne, whom he has rescued from the mistreatment of a cruel, lower-class husband. Love burgeons and when malicious tongues start wagging the Duke marries Anne. Later he almost falls for the wiles of a professional siren, but that—with the aid of a few coincidences—straightens itself out. The Duke's financial troubles do not straighten themselves out, however, and in the end he must give up Canons. But not until we've all had a perfectly delightful time. O, the routs and the revels, with Mr. Handel at the organ, and Lord Chesterfield dropping his bitter witticisms! The author's delight in his subject shines through his stylishly mannered prose. —EDWARD J. FITZGERALD.

LITERARY I.Q. ANSWERS

1. "consistency" instead of "constituency." 2. "annals" instead of "annuals." 3. "extenuate" instead of "attentuate." 4. "Provençal" instead of "provincial." 5. "halcyon" instead of "calcium." 6. "Triton" instead of "Titan." 7. "bassoon" instead of "baboon." 8. "illimitable" instead of "inimitable." 9. "mettle" instead of "medal." 10. "cabbage" instead of "cribbage." 11. "shoulders" instead of "soldiers." 12. "commend" instead of "command." 13. "patterns" instead of "patrons." 14. "beast" instead of "breast." 15. "chainless" instead of "changeless."

In Paper Covers

The Saturday Review's Guide to the Best New Reprints

Title and Author	*Subject*	*Critics' Consensus*
CRUSADE IN EUROPE *Dwight D. Eisenhower* (Permabooks: 50c)	The General's personal account of his participation in the incidents leading us into World War II, the North African and European campaigns, and his postwar visit to Russia.	Men and events described in a compact, lucid, forthright style worthy of the author.
THE DISAPPEARANCE *Philip Wylie* (Pocket: 35c)	A catastrophe overtakes the universe: women live in a world without men, men in a world without women—giving Mr. Wylie an excuse to discourse on psychoanalysis, Russia, the atom bomb, and sex and its deviations.	A discursive, moralizing preachment that many readers will find stimulating; not as good as Mr. Wylie's earlier "A Generation of Vipers."
FINISTERE *Fritz Peters* (Signet: 25c)	A young boy, product of a broken home, learns about love from a boarding-school roommate, and finds it in a relationship with a teacher.	The dignity, persuasive insight, and compassion of the treatment for the most part overcome the theme's difficulty.
THE FOUNTAINHEAD *Ayn Rand* (Signet: 75c)	Gifted and indomitable Howard Roark overcomes great obstacles to achieve success as an architect and a position in New York's fashionable world.	Sharp division on this, some critics describing it "a powerful, absorbing novel of ideas that will be long remembered," others calling it "a preposterous, offensive preachment."
GENTLEMEN'S AGREEMENT *Laura Z. Hobson* (Permabooks: 35c)	A young American journalist, engaged to write a series on anti-Semitism, poses as a Jew for several weeks; he encounters unexpected difficulties and makes illuminating discoveries.	Courageous, convincing—although somewhat slick—propaganda novel.
GREAT TALES AND POEMS OF EDGAR ALLAN POE (Pocket: 35c)	Twenty-one short stories of mystery and terror, humor and adventure, and twenty-four lyric and narrative poems by one of the most original talents in American letters.	Well chosen selection in an attractive format.
THE GUN *C. S. Forester* (Bantam: 25c)	The fortunes of a Spanish cannon which fell into guerilla hands during the Peninsular War and its effect upon the men who used it.	Vivid, fast-moving, brilliant re-creation of the Napoleonic era.
POINT OF NO RETURN *John P. Marquand* (Bantam: 35c)	Decisive days in the life of Charles Gray, who is soon to learn whether he will be elected vice-president of his New York bank. A business trip to his Massachusetts home town allows him to review his past.	Brilliant satire of upper middle-class America, recorded with a camera eye and a dictaphonic ear.
RETURN TO PARADISE *James A. Michener* (Bantam: 35c)	Informal articles about the South Pacific islands since the war, alternating with short stories inspired by the theme of the preceding essay. By the author of "Tales of the South Pacific."	Essays are fire-rate: filled with interesting detail and fresh information, they convey the beauty and color of the islands sensitively and perceptively. The stories seem hastily written and a bit obvious.
THE SEVEN STOREY MOUNTAIN *Thomas Merton* (Signet: 50c)	The autobiography of an American poet who at the age of twenty-six left a life of wordly pleasure to enter a Trappist monastery.	Deeply moving odyssey of a soul that will hold the attention of non-Catholics as well as Catholics.
A WALK IN THE SUN *Harry Brown* (Lion: 25c)	An American platoon, landing on an Italian beach, loses its ranking officers but attains its objective, a farmhouse six miles inland.	Gripping vignette, told wittily and poetically. One of the better World War II novels.
WHITE WITCH DOCTOR *Louise A. Stinetorf* (Pocket: 25c)	A novel describing twenty-five years in the life of an American medical missionary in the Belgian Congo.	An absorbing story derived from the author's own life. Local color vivid; picturesque characters clearly delineated; thrills of some episodes overdone.

—RAYMOND WALTERS, JR.

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PEOPLE
(*Continued from page 15*)

which they had hoped to get. It is to Gouverneur Morris's everlasting credit that he stood by his wife against the despicable relatives of both of them. It dignifies the end of the life of a truly "extraordinary man."

Second-Hand Rough

MY LIFE IN CRIME. By "Gene," as told to John Bartlow Martin. New York: Harper & Bros. 281 *pp.* $3.

By JOHN T. WINTERICH

THIS book will have you patting your pockets to see if your wallet is still there. It is the autobiography of a thief—a broad-minded, all-purpose thief who for thirty years has passed up no single opportunity to turn a dishonest dollar. He is now perhaps forty-five years old, working on legitimate jobs, but no more reformable than the elder Finn. That is how he wants it, and that is how he's got it.

Now there are crook autobiographies and crook autobiographies. This is a somewhat special item. Its transcriber is John Bartlow Martin, whose "Butcher's Dozen" of two or three years ago raised him to a high place on the roster of factual crime writers. Mr. Martin, though fully alive to the narrative tug of sound crime reporting, goes considerably deeper than that here. He is alert to sociological and psychological implications, though he does not overwork them. He knows policemen, police procedure, police thinking.

"My Life in Crime," then, is not one of those case-history things, any more than it is merely an exciting story. "Gene," the teller of the tale, was the son of a non-alcoholic, God-fearing, normal, decent family whose bread-winner was a skilled workman. Gene himself had a year of high school. Then he ran away, enlisted under-age in the Navy, and began looting supplies. It was as simple (and as complicated) as that. "I got no scruples," he casually told Mr. Martin halfway through his reminiscences. Did he have some to start with? Where and when did they disappear? Is there any likelihood that he will ever recover them? Only that last question can be answered on the evidence, and the answer is No.

Practically everybody is a crook, either active or passive. That is the sum of Gene's philosophy, his excuse for what he is, his writ of self-justification. Police, of course, assay for a higher dishonesty content than civilians. "There isn't one honest copper outa ten," says Gene, and Mr. Martin lets him say it. For this is Gene's book, not Mr. Martin's. Mr. Martin interposes an occasional footnote, interpreting professional argot and pointing up an occasional quirk of Gene's thought-pattern, but the opinions expressed are exclusively Gene's. Gene is anti-Negro, anti-Jewish, anti-Polish, anti-Italian—everything but anti-Gene.

Gene's operational sphere has been Chicago and environs and the Pacific Coast, with a single venture into the South which he did not enjoy and a sort of Mexican holiday. He appears never to have worked east of the Indiana line. Wherever he went, he found all the women, all the liquor, all the cars he could use. He also got enough money to keep him going. All went fast. So does his story.

People Notes

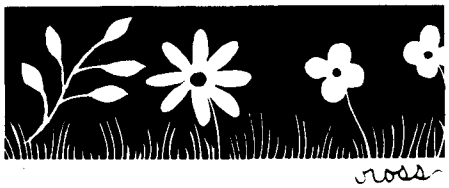
NELSON'S CAPTAINS. By Ludovic Kennedy. Norton. $5. Ludovic Kennedy, a young English writer who served in the Royal Navy during the last war, intended that his book be only a supplement to the immense amount of work already done on Lord Nelson and his captains. As such it is a tidy piece of scholarship, compactly put together, that uses for the first time in this connection some recently discovered diaries and papers. It is also blessed with good, lucid English that is a pleasure to read, and a proof that the offerings of Academe need not always be muddily written. "Nelson's Captains" is neither a full history of the last ten years in which Nelson lived (1795-1805)—the crucial middle phase of the Napoleonic Wars—nor is it a complete collective biography of the captains; but one might call it a sort of full-fleshed chronicle that gives a lively, informative picture of these strong men and their times, which were, comparatively, as dark as our own. There are pocket-sized sketches of the greatest captains: Hardy, Fremantle, Troubridge, Ball, Saumerez, Foley, and Hallowell, as well as running accounts of the eight or so other men who helped Nelson win some of England's most important naval victories—at the Nile, off Copenhagen, and at Cape Trafalgar. We are given detailed descriptions of the battles that are often exciting and invariably clear, as well as countless serious and amusing vignettes of the private lives of the captains. But Nelson, the brave, one-armed, one-eyed, little man who in one moment could write as appealing a love letter as was ever written, and who in the next could knock Napoleon galley west, has a way of pulling Mr. Kennedy's book out from under his captains, but the author, as though he had to convince *himself* too, continually reminds us that without these men Nelson might never have become a permanent part of the world's memory. And we almost believe him.

—WHITNEY BALLIETTE.

THE LETTERS OF PRIVATE WHEELER. Edited by Captain B. H. Liddell Hart. Houghton Mifflin. $3.75. In recent years there has been no lack of good books about soldiers and their adventures. This book is another in the series, although it deals with campaigns more than a century old. Wheeler was a young English lad who enlisted in 1809 in the 51st British Light Infantry. He remained with that battalion until he retired nineteen years later. How different from the present practice of rotating soldiers from one organization to another! Wheeler's family preserved his letters, written at fairly regular intervals. The collection recently came to the attention of Liddell Hart, outstanding British military critic. Recognizing the clearness and freshness of the letters, Captain Hart has edited them. Personal items have been eliminated. The original spelling, good but not perfect, has been retained, except where names and terms would now be unintelligible.

Private Wheeler (really a sergeant for over half the period covered) describes the countries in which he served and fought, the life of the soldier of his day, the peoples he met. Most letters contain some anecdote; sometimes humorous, other times tragic. They give spice to the narrative and relieve any sense of monotony which might have arisen from a strictly historical account. Unpleasant facts are not hidden. Cruel punishments legally inflicted for trivial offenses; heavy drinking on all possible occasions; pillaging of private property, are all set off as quite natural.

Wheeler's first campaign was the ill-fated one in 1809 to Walcheren on the Dutch coast. It was famous for the slight loss caused by the enemy, and the extraordinary heavy losses from disease which caused the ex-



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pedition to be abandoned. The 51st Light Infantry was transferred next year to Portugal, where it joined Wellington's army with which it fought continuously until 1814. Wheeler gives a fair account of the principal battles from the viewpoint of a soldier in the ranks.

At the end of that campaign, known as the Peninsular Wars, Wheeler received a flesh wound in the ankle. But he rejoined his battalion before the campaign of Waterloo. His report on the part of that great battle which he himself saw is vivid. From there his battalion went on to Paris. The disgust of the French at the loss of Napoleon and the return of their Bourbon king is well described. Wheeler states that the British soldiers respected Napoleon as a fair and brave enemy. This kind of feeling was duplicated during World War II in British admiration for the German General Rommel, who had defeated them in North Africa.

"Private Wheeler's Letters" are not always accurate as to dates and some minor matters. That is unimportant. They were never intended to be historical documents. They have a high value as good and entertaining descriptions of the life of British soldiers on campaign. This little book will afford its readers hours of enjoyment.

—CONRAD H. LANZA.

LIFE AND DEATH OF AN OILMAN: The Career of E. W. Marland. By John Joseph Matthews. University of Oklahoma Press. Norman. $3.75. What H. A. W. Tabor was to silver E. W. Marland, with numerous differences, was to oil. Born in 1874, near Pittsburgh, of English-born parents, Ernest Whitworth Marland attended school at Rugby—Rugby, Tennessee, where Thomas Hughes of "Tom Brown" fame (Mr. Mathews bestows upon him a knighthood which he may have merited but never received) had established a model center for training the young. Marland took a law degree at Michigan, returned to Pittsburgh, and was soon up to his ears in oil, first in Pennsylvania and West Virginia, and then in Oklahoma. His name and fame were thereafter associated with the Southwest. He became involved in the Shell-Standard struggle and, in his own phrase, was "merged out of existence." But not off the stage of affairs—he went to Congress as a New Dealer, and later was governor of Oklahoma. He died two months before Pearl Harbor, and his passing, declares Mr. Mathews, was "the end of an era." Mr. Mathews knew Marland and knows Oklahoma, but his knowledge has not impaired his objectivity.

—J. T. W.

The Film Forum

AMERICANA

The Saturday Review's Guide to Selected 16mm. Sound Films

FALLEN EAGLE and GIANT OF THE NORTH. *Produced for the P. Lorillard Co. by Alan Shilin Productions, 450 West 56th St., New York 19, N. Y. Available for free loan. (Each about 20 min., color.)*

Two new titles in the outstanding series of color films on American Indians are now available for 16mm. showings. "Fallen Eagle" is a stirring and dramatic account of the Sioux of the South Dakota plains, past and present. As much as I liked the earlier releases ("Seminoles of the Everglades," *SR* July 9, 1949; "Miracle on the Mesa," *SR* May 26, 1951), this newest film surpasses even them. "Fallen Eagle" shows a deep appreciation of a people who ultimately were defeated by the westward march of mechanical progress; it gives real meaning to one chapter of American history. Narration, music, and photography are exceptionally fine, and the Kodachrome color effects are of the finest quality I've yet seen in a film of this type. The entire film is excellent, and it will undoubtedly be shown to adult groups and school classes for many, many years to come.

"Giant of the North," although released simultaneously, is a lesser production in most respects. It explores the resources and people of Alaska, and touches upon our air defenses there. Life among the Point Hope Eskimos is shown in some detail, and the film is generally, if superficially, informative and entertaining.

Both films were written, directed, and produced by Alan Shilin, and photographed by Toge Fujihira, whose combined talents have put out the best series of sponsored films yet produced for general audiences.

WILLIAMSBURG RESTORED. *Produced by the Julien Bryan International Film Foundation for Colonial Williamsburg. Available for rental and purchase from Colonial Williamsburg, Film Section, Williamsburg, Va. (44 min., color.)*

Combining glimpses of colonial life with the story of the actual restoration of the buildings of Williamsburg, the film is interesting for its historical and architectural implications. A lot of fascinating material has been poured into the film, and not too well integrated at that; but for the most part the film makes Williamsburg seem well worth a visit, and this presumably is its aim. Francis Thompson did the directing, and Basil Beyea prepared the script. The narration was read by Walter Abel, who unfortunately sounds as though he were back in the sixth grade reciting a lesson. The interior scenes, showing furnishings of the houses, shops, and official buildings, are likely to be most enjoyed and remembered.

BLUNDEN HARBOR (18 min.) and DANCES OF THE KWAKIUTLS (10 min., color). *Produced by Orbit Films, and distributed for rental and purchase by Dimensions, Inc., 2521 Sixth Ave., Seattle 1, Washington.*

Documentary film production in the U. S. generally centers around New York; educational films are produced in quantity in the Chicago area, and a number of sponsored films originate in both these cities, as well as Los Angeles. Few regional production centers have developed as yet, except for the Southern Educational Film Production Service in Georgia; and the potential usefulness of similar regional groups is, I believe, obvious to everyone. Orbit Films promised great hope for the Pacific Northwest, but its first films are a great disappointment. (Another film, "Yoshi No Yama," dealing with the Japanese dance, has considerable merit despite its technical limitations, and will be reviewed in a later issue.)

"Blunden Harbor" and "Dances of the Kwakiutl" as enormously interesting subjects to start out with. The former treats of daily life among Indians of the Vancouver Islands, the latter specifically with the ritual dances of past times. The photography is pleasant and revealing, but after that little good can be said of the films. The narration, fortunately kept to a minimum, is incredible—or rather incomprehensible. Imitative of the "great" documentaries, it speaks in meaningless, pompous phrases, with hardly a perceptive motive or idea coming across to the audience. In similar fashion the footage is edited in such a way that it is impossible to tell what is happening, has happened, or will happen.

Ordinarily, films which are totally disappointing get little space in this column (because space is too precious, for one thing), but these films raise questions of public concern. What is the trouble here? We may never really know, but certainly one part of the trouble lies in the over-ambitiousness of the group. Instead of trying to make one good film, and spending some time and money on it, Orbit Films has tried to make a dozen films almost at once. Anyone who has ever worked near a film should know better than that.

—CECILE STARR.

*For rentals consult the list of *SRL* Film Referral Libraries, available at 10c a copy from Film Department, Saturday Review of Literature, 25 West 45th Street, New York 19, N. Y.

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ENOUGH OF TOUGHMINDEDNESS!

(*Continued from page 10*)

conservatives or great poets but through studying un-great criminals, the Nazis and Communists. With these four books must be grouped three other new books: Eliseo Vivas's "The Moral Life and the Ethical Life," the ablest defense I have ever read of the innateness of ethical values; John Hallowell's brilliant "Main Currents in Modern Political Thought," and David Riesman's little masterpiece, "The Lonely Crowd." All these are enough alike, beneath different approaches, that one may declare: here is one new trend of the 1950's.

The Marxist and Nazi nonsense of the 1930's and 1940's was mechanistic and value-denying and deterministic: whether economic determinism or racial determinism. Today the return from mechanistic determinism to humanism in politics and to individual responsibility in ethics is being led by some of these new value-affirming authors.

Back from the mass man. Forward into the century of the individual man, with personal ethical responsibility for his economic or political acts, a responsibility which he does not shift cravenly upon some collective state or "race" or class dictatorship. Such is the message of these new and chastened leftists and conservatives of the 1950's.

By the act of organizing the anti-Communist Americans for Democratic Action such new liberals and social reformers repudiated the fellow-traveling with Stalinism of the earlier leftist generation. They returned to the ideal, too long unjustly derided, of the non-Marxist "utopian Socialists."

IN precisely the same way, the new conservatives repudiate the fellow-traveling with Fascism of the earlier rightist generation. They return to the liberty-loving conservatism of Burke and Churchill, Washington and Hamilton, not the decadent conservatism of Vichy.

The new Aaron-style liberals and democratic Socialists (for example, the heroic Ernst Reuter of Berlin) have as much contempt for making new Yaltas with the Communist aggressor as the new conservatives have for making Munichs with Fascist reaction. Disagreeing sturdily with each other, the new conservatives and new radicals nevertheless agree that free values exist and are worth dying for.

Our more toughminded liberals are trying to prove their realism by the eagerness with which they reluctantly" admit that "you cannot make an omelet with breaking eggs"—preferably other people's eggs in Eastern Europe. In contrast, here is Aaron's appeal for a return to the vision and humane enthusiasm of the utopian Socialists and the nineteenth-century American liberals:

> The amiability and the extravagance of the nineteenth-century reformers, who made large claims for man and who believed Nowhere could be Somewhere sometime, are incongenial to contemporary liberal philosophers. This is regrettable, I think, because the old progressives still have something to tell us. . . . The nineteenth-century progressives . . . possessed that "humane enthusiasm," as David Riesman says, from which "those whose greatest fear is to be gullible, serious, or 'soft' are immune." This emphasis upon "ethics," "virtue," and "justice" as the ends of the democratic society is what distinguishes the old progressives from the New Liberals. The latter have modernized their liberalism, stripped off its old-fashioned accouterments, and turned it into something brisk and shiny. It is more efficient now and more impersonal. Something has been gained, but something important has been lost.

Francis Wilson, in "The Case for Conservatism," attacks pragmatic conservatives on exactly the same ground that Aaron attacks pragmatic liberals:

> The conservative mind will say, I think, that the moral order is, finally, the basis on which any preservation of the benefits of a historically continuous civilization must be realized. True, the "realistic" conservatives are little concerned, if at all, with any moral ideals or ultimate goals. . . . These conservatives are Machiavellian in

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Being human, critics make many mistakes. Those which apply to minor issues and are honestly expressed as personal opinions do not here concern us. There are others, unfortunately, which go beyond this range, into gross carelessness, humbug, exhibitionism and actual brutality; and worse still, are presented to us as positively guaranteed by "intuition," good taste, "absolute beauty" or some other mystic dogma from which there is no appeal. Please call our attention to whatever cases of this kind you chance to notice in relation to Literature, Painting, Music or any other of the arts. Do not dismiss them as "necessary evils"; it is that immunity which accounts for their prevalence. Critics are entitled to freedom of expression but not to freedom from the consequences of what they have expressed. And remember that excessive praise, hysterical predictions of immortality, snobbish infatuations for "genius" are just as injurious to art and artists as calumnies. Our recent publication, WAR ON CRITICS, by Theodore L. Shaw, will give you an idea of what we want, but if it is not conveniently available, simply write for our free leaflet CRITICIZING CRITICISM which contains examples and all necessary information. Stuart Art Gallery, Dept. SR 4, 451 Stuart St., Boston 16, Mass.

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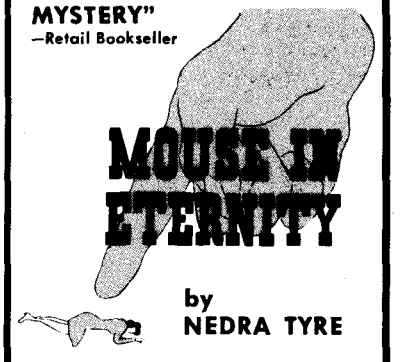

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spirit; they have been the great defenders of reason of state and exceptional or dictatorial powers being vested in government. But such conservatism is a disease, and it occurs in a time of spiritual and moral flatness. In contrast, the long-run conservative tradition has believed that government must represent the total body of social interests; it has drawn its standards from the moral tradition of the West. . . . It is the kind of conservatism that wrote the Constitution of the United States. . . .

The conservative defense of the moral order, the moral order that has emerged from Jewish, Roman, and Christian tradition, is the only answer we have today to the corrosive doctrine of the class struggle. For the principle of a moral order assumes that all men participate in it, or can if they will, and it assumes the community of moral responsibility is greater than the economic and divisive material differences that enable one to preach the class struggle. Ideas and a common spirit can unite a people, but material interests most surely divide.

At the end of her "Origins of Totalitarianism" Hannah Arendt suggests remedies to prevent totalitarianism. She shows it to be a disease of our value system rather than of our economic system. Just as Aaron distinguished between true and pragmatic liberals, and Wilson between true and pragmatic conservatives, she distinguishes between an ethics of "good" and of "good for." She attacks "the old utilitarian equation of the good with the 'good for'." As a source of Fascism and Communism she warns against "the wilderness where right is that which is 'good for'—the individual or the family or the people. Such a definition, even if the unit to which the 'good for' applies is as large as mankind itself, will never prevent murder. For it is quite conceivable that one beautiful day a highly organized, mechanized, and centralized humanity may decide that it would be better for the whole to do without a certain part." "The Rights of Man can be implemented only if they become the prepolitical foundation of a new polity, the prelegal basis of a new legal structure"; that is, if they become an unconditional "good" in themselves, not merely relativistic and 'good for'."

Hyatt Waggoner's "Heel of Elohim" parallels in the arts what Aaron, Arendt, and Wilson discover in politics and in the sciences. "The most important questions in life are questions not of number but of value." Waggoner concludes: the special function of the poet is to be the guardian and prophet of values in a materialist, positivistic age of numbers. Incidentally, his book is just about the best survey ever written of the modern poets, especially Hart Crane.

Meanwhile, Riesman's "The Lonely Crowd," one of the most original books of the decade, protests against the age of numbers not as a poet but as a sociologist. He warns that Americans, of whatever ism, are sacrificing their inner values to the outer, keep-up-with-the-Joneses, "other-directedness" of the herd.

Disputes over the ultimate *source* of values—supernatural vs. naturalistic, religious vs. scientific, absolute vs. man-made—need not distract from the supreme importance of the values themselves, no matter how sanctioned. So we find not only religious thinkers but a naturalistic, Deweyite materialist like Sidney Hook stating (in Hook's particularly memorable words):

> The empiricists must . . . work out a scientific approach to values which will not end in the strange conclusion that value judgments are meaningless, and so drive those for whom ethical values and principles *are* meaningful into the arms of authoritarianism to save their moral sanity.

The villain is neither capitalist economics nor Socialist economics. It is the ethical diabolism of the mass-murdering totalitarian twins, Hitlerite and Stalinist Fascism, which are neither capitalist nor Socialist but statist. Call them monopolistic state capitalism or state Socialism if you insist on economic labels for ethical realities.

The chief battle between freedom and slavery today, in Europe and Korea, is not economic; not capitalism versus Socialism. It is an ethical and cultural battle of good means versus bad means to no-matter-what economic ends. On the one side; the bad means of a "capitalist" Fascism and the bad means of a "Socialist" Stalinism become indistinguishable from each other. They melt together into a single photo-montage of a state-Socialist monopoly-capitalism, with the bosses labeled equally aptly as "Communist commissars" or as "Fascist Fuehrers." On the other side: the good means of a parliamentary capitalist democracy and the good means of a parliamentary Socialist democracy melt together in lawful, peaceful rivalry. These values are worth dying for in Korea and Europe because they are the precious, irreplaceable product of three thousand years of human aspiration, starting from Palestine and Greece.

How can the 1950's still prevent "1984"? Wars, slave labor, and concentration camps have been the outcome of toughminded realism, cheap contempt for personal ethical restraints, and the clenched-fist smashing of present eggs for future omelets. Let us trust instead:

(1) The generous vision of the original "utopian" social reformers and idealistic liberals, rather than the class-war Marxists and their fellow-traveler liberals.

(2) The freedom-defending, positive conservatism of Churchill and the humane capitalism of Eisenhower, rather than the tired, negative conservatism of Pétain and the unimaginative commercialism of Neville Chamberlain and his American counterparts.

What, then, is the most exciting intellectual achievement of the 1950's, linking the new liberal social reformers and the new conservative traditionalists? It is the return from stress on noble ends alone, regardless of means, to a more balanced stress on noble means, never—*never*—to be sacrificed to either opportunistic or doctrinaire ends and isms. It took the heartbreaking price of the millions tortured in the 1940's—by the toughmindedness of Stalin and Hitler—for the 1950's to rediscover this abiding truth.

The Writhing Wood

By Carleton Drewry

WHAT shall we say of this wood wherein we move
At morning, glad children in the green leafage lost,
Who lie down at noon in the deep thickets of love,
Who feel toward dark sharp winds or the face of frost?

What can we say who, amid these removals, remain,
Whose lives are troubled and torn as trees are torn,
Who are writhed by wind, poured on by repeated rain,
And driven, and thrust through with the felon thorn?

Caught like an old remorse in some conscience that grieves,
We hear the black crows of evening carring and calling,
And about us all our days like the dull leaves
Over our little lives forever falling and falling.

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DOUBLE-CROSTIC NO. 944

Reg. U. S. Patent Office

By Elizabeth S. Kingsley

DEFINITIONS

A. The fauna and flora of the sea-bottom between low-water mark and about 100 fathoms depth.

B. An emanation of the goddess Durga (Hindu myth.).

C. Historical romance by Scott (prefaced by "The").

D. Famous German-born sculptor in U.S. (entrance to R.C.A. building, Radio City, N. Y., etc.).

E. To overdress.

F. Favorite (Irish).

G. A quaint character in the title of a novel by Irving Bacheller, 1900.

H. Anti-slavery paper founded by Wm. L. Garrison, 1831 (preceded by "The").

I. A packing ring, as of rubber, for fruit jars, etc.

J. English poet and satirist (1731-64).

K. Hurried (Italian music direction).

L. Character in title of one of "The Idylls of the King" (Tennyson).

M. To give birth; said primarily of brutes.

WORDS

22 161 14 82 107 136 51 151 120 20

158 2 94 25 169 24 116 19

39 44 102 90 58

171 11 86 167 16 81

108 143 125 23 74

150 42 176 1 114 80 137 135 149

13 170 3 34

103 65 67 27 4 76 17 146 61

155 101 79 160

173 18 130 142 159 106 9 156 7

49 165 145 70 128 41 89 174 47 152

134 99 57 30 37 162 45

53 104 164 40 92 31

DEFINITIONS

N. Novel by Dostoevski (prefaced by "The").

O. Winding (comp.; colloq.).

P. Novel by George Meredith (preceded by "The").

Q. Widely distributed genus of plants, among them yellow-eyed grass, abundant in pine barrens of southern U.S.

R. A dramatic poem by Robert Browning from which come the familiar lines, "God's in His heaven, All's right with the world."

S. Made a living bit by bit (2 wds.).

T. A skeleton.

U. Giving slight notice of.

V. Watching with fixed attention.

W. Smartly spruce (now colloq.).

X. Brred of dogs, one of whose distinctive features is a blue-black tongue.

Y. Agitations of the feelings and sensibilities.

WORDS

154 78 71 52 85

175 60 109 15 111 68 69 117 84 119 88

83 123 59 73 46 118

28 26 56 163 66

100 139 6 168 55 29 87 129 113 43 144

5 12 54 138 97 147 132

98 122 153 21 141 77 64 105

62 148 96 32 10 157 140 172 127 75

36 50 126 131 91

178 124 72 93 8

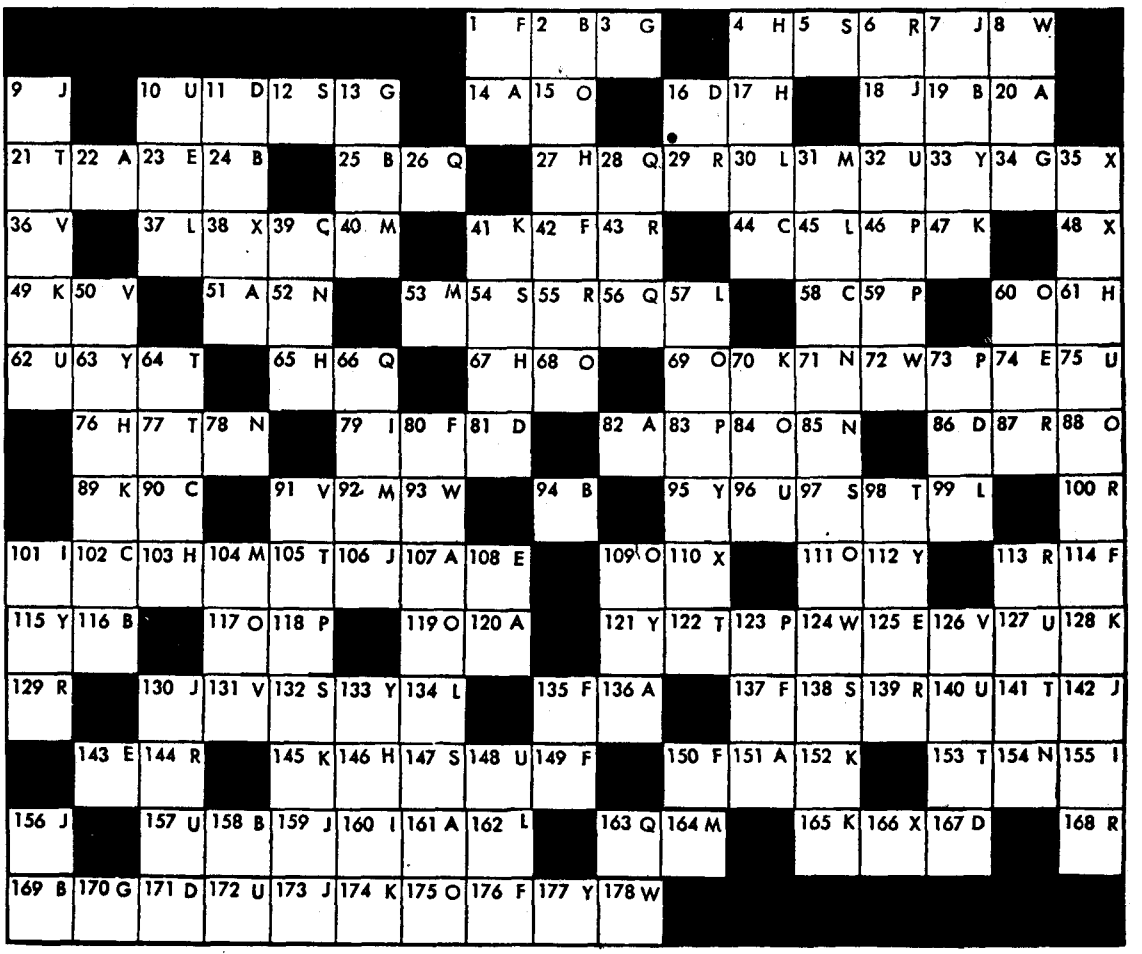
35 38 166 48 110

33 121 112 63 133 177 115 95

DIRECTIONS

To solve this puzzle you must guess twenty-odd words, the definitions of which are given in the column headed DEFINITIONS. The letters in each word to be guessed are numbered. These numbers appear under the dashes in the column headed WORDS. There is a dash for each letter in the required word. The key letters in the squares are for convenience, indicating to which word in the definitions each letter in the diagram belongs. When you have guessed a word, fill it in on the dashes; then write each letter in the correspondingly numbered square of the puzzle diagram. When the squares are all filled in you will find (by reading from left to right) a quotation from a famous author. Read up and down the letters mean nothing. The black squares indicate ends of words; words do not necessarily end at the right side of the diagram.

When the column headed WORDS is filled in, the initial letters spell the name of the author and the title of the piece from which the quotation has been taken. Authority for spelling and definitions is Webster's New International Dictionary (second edition).



Solution of last week's Double-Crostic will be found on page 32 of this issue.

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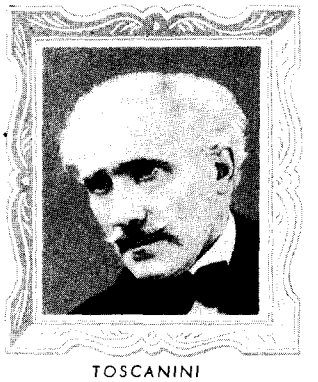

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SR / RECORDINGS SECTION

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Cole Porter's Lively Lyre

FRED LOUNSBERRY

A WINTER without a new Cole Porter show tends to make that season of the year just a bit drabber than it ordinarily is, but there is always the consolation that we can turn to the record shelf or the music rack for reacquaintance with fruits of the past. In fact, after sampling again and again some of the 250 examples of his art which I have at hand on records, certain traits of style, distinctions of technique, emerge which, unconsciously absorbed as they are in a popular song, tell us why they are worth going back to again and again.

The quintessential Porter song—"Night and Day"— acquaints us at once with a technique he has utilized with excellent effects on several occasions, the technique of "opposites." Beginning with night and day, it proceeds to specific symbols, moon and sun; then, from time to space—"near to me or far"—and from time and space to conditions, such as the "roaring traffic boom" and "the silence of my lone' room." Opposites, of course, are extremes, and when they have been arranged so skilfully they yield a sense of completeness, an all-encompassing, romantic preoccupation with the idea of love. As another instance of opposites, consider "You'd Be So Nice to Come Home To," where winter and summer are invoked: "Under stars chilled by the winter," "Under an August moon burning above."

Opposites should not be confused with contrasts, of which they are merely one form. The contrasts most often discovered in Porter's lyrics are differences of degree, rather than kind. In "At Long Last Love," we hear: "Is it an earthquake or simply a shock? Is it the good turtle or merely the mock?" On occasion, he will combine opposites and contrasts, as for example in "So Near and Yet So Far." The song begins with lofty imagery, in the vein of "You appear like a radiant star." But it goes on further to include the slang phrase: "Fate . . . mops up the floor with me." The sound psychology involved is that the lofty language describes the early, hopeful outlook of the lover, the down-to-earth slang his eventual failure and deflation. The shock effect of this kind of verbal contrast is keenly appreciated by Porter, as the instance of "Goodbye, Little Dream, Goodbye" reveals. The lyric tells us: "The stars have fled from the heavens, the moon's deserted the hill, and the sultry breeze that sang in the trees is suddenly, strangely still." But when it appears that the poignant point of the song might be obscured, Porter brings us up short with: "Love is not all peaches and cream, little dream, goodbye!"

As anyone reading the above smooth-flowing lines is aware, it is impossible to discuss one aspect of Porter's craft without slipping over to another. "The sultry breeze that sang in the trees" is as good as any introduction to Porter's mastery of rhyme, in his own special, almost self-invented way. Unlike many gifted lyricists, he is not addicted to ponderous polysyllabic rhyme schemes, but prefers rather to brighten and tighten his lyrics by rhyming a series of single syllables in rapid succession. A choice instance that comes to mind is the famous "I Get a Kick Out of You": "Flying too high with some guy in the sky is my idea of nothing to do." Often enough these rhymes coincide with an accent in the music that emphasizes and accentuates their effect. When he rhymes longer words, he is apt to fasten on a syllable from each, as in "I Hate You, Darling": My habi*tat* is the *strato*sphere." Or he will rhyme one long word with several short ones, as in "I Worship You": "Must I *modify* my point of view? Why should it be *odd if I* Worship You?" Or he will achieve a polysyllabic effect with short words

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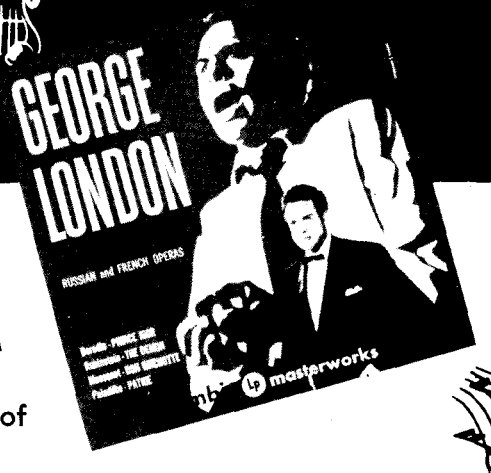

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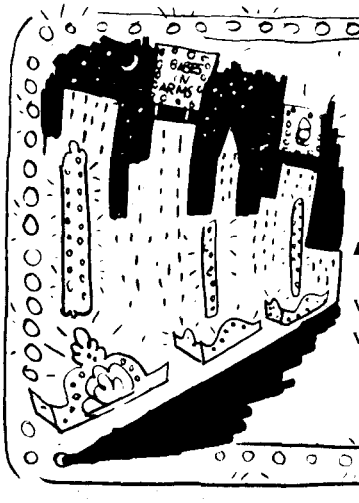

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rhymed as a phrase: "When in my *sleep you* appear, fair skies of *deep blue* appear." For that matter, Porter can handle the polysyllabic rhyme as skilfully as anyone, but he usually reserves it for comedy purposes. "Nina" rhymes its title with "neurasthenia" and "schizophrenia," and in the well-remembered "Brush Up on Your Shakespeare," we had "Cressida" with "embessida" (ambassador) and "heinous" with "Coriolanus," as much as anything a satire on the over-complicated rhyme. The last rhyme may stand as the most erudite and at the same time the raciest rhyme on record, since "Coriolanus" is suggested as a place to kick someone in.

ONE of Porter's most elaborate rhyming techniques consists of weaving the repeated sounds through the entire song, so that the rhyme, instead of being a single feature at isolated points, is a basic part of the song's construction. An elementary example is "I Get a Kick Out of You," where "I get no kick from champagne" rhymes later on with "Some go for perfume from Spain" and still later with "I get no kick in a plane." One must hear the whole song to appreciate fully this "running rhyme."

The technique is lifted to magnificent heights in "I Concentrate on You." As quoted herewith (omitting the "release" or middle part of the song, which does not participate in the scheme) *three* running rhymes are revealed. I have parenthesized the first, italicized the second, and capitalized the third:

Whenever (skies look gray to me)
And trouble begins to *brew*
Whenever the winter winds become too STRONG
I Concentrate on *You*
When Fortune (cries, "Nay, nay!" to me)
And people declare, "You're *through!*
Whenever the blues become my only SONG
I Concentrate on *You.*
And so when (wise men say to me)
That love's young dream never comes *true*
To prove that even wise men can be WRONG
I Concentrate on You,
I concentrate and concentrate on You.

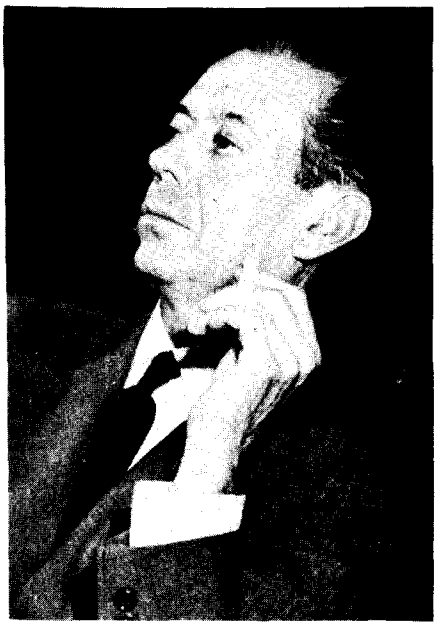
To polish the sharp edge of this keenly satisfying scheme a little further, it may be noted that the parenthesized phrase is rhymed on two words: "skies-gray," "cries-nay" and "wise-say."

Alliteration is a common device in all writing, but Porter has used it with high spirit and singular success. One need go back no further than "Kiss Me, Kate" (an alliterative title) with its "darling devil divine." The classic instance, of course, is "It's Delovely," with "delightful" and "delicious" preparing the way for the invented word "delovely." To make this derivation doubly decisive, he emphasizes it at the song's end with "de luxe," "delectable," and "delirious," as well as with the coinage "delimit."

Along with all his lyric skills, Porter combines a versatile mind which sees new meanings in old phrases, even in clichés. The verse to "Anything Goes," for example, tells of the prudery of the Puritans in the days when they landed on Plymouth Rock, adding that if the Puritans tried to exert moral influence today, Plymouth Rock would land on them. In "Find Me a Primitive Man," a female displeased with the flabby modern man pleads not for a man who belongs to a club, but a man with a club that belongs to him.

WITH all these resources at his disposal, it is understandable why Porter can take so stereotyped a device as "you've got to get the title of the song across," and make a new exciting thing of it. In some instances, such as "Let's Do It," he has devised what I call the "clothes-line technique" to achieve this end while stringing many specific ideas on the line of one general idea. The title is the general idea "Let's Do It," the specifics are nationalities, animals, insects, and so on, all of which "fall in love." "The Dutch in old Amsterdam do it, not to mention the Finns; folks in Siam do it, think of Siamese twins." Later and equally celebrated classics of the genre are "You're the Top" (superlatives), "Anything Goes" (contemporary unconventionalities), "Friendship" (troubles), "My Heart Belongs to Daddy" (temptations), and "Always True to You in My Fashion" (infidelities).

As a study in opposites, the last pair of songs merits mention in that Porter has switched the emphasis on the same general theme—infidelity. In "My Heart Belongs to Daddy," Mary Martin sang, unforgettably, her devotion to a wealthy "daddy," though temptations were many. In "Always True to You in My Fashion," Lisa Kirk sang, equally unforgettably, her fidelity (of a sort) to a love of the heart, despite her dalliance for profit. In passing it may be mentioned that "Daddy" is a singular example of Porter's skill in working a vein of thought with rich results. The subject begins with golf: "While tearing off a game of golf, I may *make a play* for the caddy, but when I do, I don't *follow through,* 'cause My Heart Belongs to Daddy." Sports are called upon for another couplet: "While other dames at football games may long for a strong undergraddy, I never dream of *making the team,* 'cause My Heart Belongs to Daddy."



Cole Porter—"the always pertinent idea."

Porter's gamut, which must be the despair of his contemporaries, carries him from the sublime to the satirical and back again with scarcely a suggestion of effort. "Were Thine That Special Face" is entirely made of subjunctives in a pattern of what might be called suspense. "You Don't Remind Me" is also a song of suspense, listing things "You Don't Remind Me Of," till the final revelation, "you only remind me of you." This is a dangerous category of effort, for by hiding the essential point till the last line, curiosity is piqued, but interest may lag. Porter's answer to this challenge is the unique beauty of the imagery in these two particular songs. "Were Thine That Special Face" contains "the rhythm'd grace," "the form so lithe and slender," and "the love which fills my dreaming." "You Don't Remind Me" contains "the iris in spring," "dawn on the mountain," "stars in the fountain," "the moonglow in September," and "the first snow in November." The loveliness of these lines pleases the ear, while the mind patiently waits for the meaning to be resolved.

A variant of this technique, and one that has a tremendous influence on the success of a comedy song, came to my attention during the run of "Kiss Me, Kate." Listening to Miss

(*Continued on page* 60)

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EDITOR'S NOTE: *This issue coincides with the fiftieth anniversary of the first performance of Debussy's "Pelléas et Mélisande"—an historic event in the development of opera. In the article below, the veteran French critic René Dumesnil recalls the partisan struggles which broke out during that first performance of a half century ago. On the page opposite, Martin Cooper—an English authority on French music—analyzes the achievements of "Pelléas et Mélisande" as they appear to him from a fifty-year vantage point.*

"Pelléas"—1902

RENÉ DUMESNIL

WE, the survivors, still talk about it among ourselves almost every time chance brings us together again at the theatre where the conflict took place. Our meetings are haphazard; we are not organized into any kind of society, but we do form a kind of freemasonry which is much better. We are bound together by memories comparable to those which, in the past century, united the men who recalled the "battle of 'Hernani'," as they referred to the near-riot at the first performance of Victor Hugo's tragedy. Well, our "battle of 'Pelléas'" was no less violent. Indeed, it was more than a battle. It was a real war of attrition that lasted for weeks and months, flaring up anew after a short respite, remaining for a long time undecided, but ending at last, all the same, thanks to our stubbornness, in a victory for us, the defenders of Debussy. As Louis Laloy has said, it was "a triumph of obstinacy."

How could there possibly have been all that opposition? What state of mind prevailed in the musical world in the spring of 1902, on the eve of the event?

There were two enemy camps, between which floated, irresolute, a great mass of indifferent people. To one side, ranged under the banner of Academicism, were the defenders of sacrosanct traditions. On the opposite side were drawn up the ranks of those who were convinced that everything living constantly transforms itself, that the history of art is but a progressive enlargement of doctrines and systems sometimes resembling a return towards the past and those forms which have been unjustly forgotten. For them Claude Debussy was like a flag around which to rally. Whenever one of his works was played he found himself confronted with increasingly bitter enemies, but also with enthusiastic followers in ever growing numbers, ready to spring to his defense.

It was known that he was composing an opera and that this lyrical work would be, to the theatre, what the "Nocturnes" (presented at the Lamoureux Concerts, December 9, 1900) had been in the realm of symphonic music. It was said that "Pelléas et Mélisande" aimed at nothing less than to combat Wagnerianism—this at a period when a veritable Wagnerian cult existed not only in the theatre but on the concert stage as well. To attack a god! What daring! What audacity!

No sooner had the rehearsals begun at the Opéra-Comique than a campaign of disparagement was organized. Perfidious news items appeared in the Parisian papers, tendentious gossip circulated. It seemed to be a veritable conspiracy—and was, in fact.

I was a student at that time, and wherever students foregathered—in the Law Schools, at the Sorbonne, in the School of Medicine—Debussy had his followers. Whenever his name appeared on a concert program, there we were, perched in the highest gallery at the Châtelet Theatre or lined up as standees at the Cirque.

At last, the dates were set for the opening. Following a "répétition générale" for a select audience on the afternoon of April 27, "Pelléas" would be presented for the general public on the night of April 30. Too unimportant, all of us, to be invited to the matinée performance, we hurried to the theatre as soon as the box office was opened to secure seats for the first night. In those days there was a "parterre" at the Opéra-Comique—the back rows of the orchestra—which sold at a much cheaper rate. I secured an excellent seat, for which I paid the modest sum of 3 francs 50 centimes, plus my three hour wait in line.

The matinée performance had been tumultuous. We had heard about it and so went prepared for battle, confident of success, having gained some valuable experience in minor student insurrections. We were confident; but we were well aware that the entire character of Debussy had earned for him more enemies than friends, and knew that those enemies, out for his blood, would shrink at nothing. Were they not selling at the theatre entrance a "Select Program" containing a satirical analysis of the piece? In it you read such phrases as "Pelléas remains alone with his little sister-in-law (ahem!)" or "Golaud is a simple fellow, who, when apprised of what is going on, is surprised."

Everything transpired as anticipated. The reading of the letter in the second scene was greeted with snickers. Our imperious cries of "Hush!" put a stop to the laughter and our applause at the fall of the curtain drowned out the boos and whistling. In the corridors some arguments degenerated into violent disputes. In the next act, the Tower Scene almost brought the house down. The scurrilous "Select Program" had prepared the way for this with its comment: "Golaud pumps the little Yniold, who innocently lets the cat out of the bag." Hubbub. Shouts. Insults. A fat man two rows ahead of me singled me out and, having exhausted his supply of arguments, ended up by calling me "an Yniold"! My reply being, I believe, scathing, he informed me that we should meet again, at the end of the performance. (I did not see him afterwards; no doubt he did not look for me very seriously.)

After the death of Mélisande there was a thunder of applause, ours, in the midst of a storm of hisses and boos.

PATIENCE would be needed to make the public accept this masterpiece. We realized this, and during the weeks that followed we met time and again at the box office. Without preliminary meetings or any discussion of rules and regulations, without any oaths of allegiance to Mélisande, a league had tacitly been founded: a "Davidsbund," Schumann would have called it, with Eusebius and Florestan, Julius and Raro against the Philistines. Every evening that "Pelléas et Mélisande" was played, as though by secret order, there they were, fifteen or thirty of them, faithful to the countersign, and applauding with all their might, all their hearts.

What they applauded was a music so young and new that still, at the end of fifty years—and a half century is a very long time—they find it as new and fresh as it was that evening of the 30th of April, 1902. And still, though they know it by heart, it arouses in them the same profound emotion.

(*Translated by Herma Briffault.*)

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"Pelléas"—1952

MARTIN COOPER

HAS any historian quite faced the role played by fashion in the development of the various arts? We accept the fact that the artist can create a fashion—Byron's floppy ties and sardonic aloofness, for instance—but is it fully recognized how much the artist himself, and even the greatest, is molded by the fashions of his day both in what he expresses and how he expresses it?

Debussy's "Pelléas et Mélisande" is the one classical expression in opera of a mood, a fashionable way of thinking, prevalent sixty years ago, in what we call "the Nineties." We have just moved out of the valleys that immediately surround any masterpiece to a point of vantage from which we can see Debussy's achievement in perspective. Such perfection as he achieved naturally discourages imitation, and even before his death music had moved to ideals diametrically opposed to his; but now we can examine what it is that has made "Pelléas" the first indisputable masterpiece of the twentieth century, the role played by fashion in its conception, and the mastering and amalgamating of that fashion with Debussy's own personality.

Debussy was consciously an antibody to Wagner, for whose music he felt a mixture of violent attraction and repulsion. Whether Debussy had lived or not, the fashion for emotional overstatement set by Wagner was bound eventually to provoke a reaction in favor of understatement (though the extremist rejection of any emotional statement at all was not historically foreseeable). Fifty years after, this characteristic of Debussy's music seems very much less noticeable than when "Pelléas" was first performed; and perhaps the only way to get some idea of the revolutionariness of this particular aspect is to hear "Pelléas"—as I did recently—immediately after a season of Wagner. With the ears still full of the erotic thunders of "Tristan" no one can fail to be staggered by Pelléas's declaration of love and Mélisande's answer—"Je t'aime," "Je t'aime aussi," the simplest recitative, moving within the span of a major third, and quite unaccompanied.

To contemporary listeners Debussy's new language seemed (as all new musical idioms seem) to portend the death of "melody." Debussy himself astonished even his admirers by declaring that his ambition was not to reduce but rather infinitely to extend the province of melody in music, to make every phrase, however apparently insignificant, "sing." And we can now understand both what he meant and why he was misunderstood. What Debussy rejected was the formal melody of the Italian opera and the "unendliche Melodie"—long, asymmetrical, but clearly cantabile lines—of Wagner; and he rejected them because he found them psychologically unreal. What he put in their place was a mosaic of short cantabile phrases, often arranged in two-bar patterns and then repeated with a slight variation (see the opening twelve bars of "Pelléas" itself). This melodic mosaic wholly precludes the expression of the conventional operatic sentiments—all heroism, rhetorical love and hate, noble meditation or elegiac melancholy—and favors the simple, almost conversational tone of everyday life. It corresponds exactly to the substitution of poetic prose for the alexandrine verse or the heroic couplet, and it meant, in just the same way, a vast enriching of the scope of melody, only in an entirely new direction.

—*By Georges Villa (Paris, 1902), from Bettmann Archive.*

"Debussy enkindling the bastion of art."

The absence of the heroic, the naturally grandiloquent, emotions from Debussy's music is matched by the absence of the human will from the story which he chose for his libretto. Maeterlinck's characters are passive puppets in the hands of a fate of which they are hardly even conscious, to which they certainly never refer. I think that this will-lessness, this passivity of the characters, is the trait that, after fifty years, we find most difficult to accept in "Pelléas et Mélisande." But consider for a moment the fashions against which both Debussy and Maeterlinck were reacting—Wotan with his abortive "Wille zur Macht" and his interminable narrations and reflections, the spectacular conversion of Thais, or Canio sobbing his heart out in front of the curtain. Debussy and Maeterlinck were concerned with bringing back mystery onto the stage, not theatrical mysteriousness but the inescapable mystery which lies at the bottom of every human relationship.

THE sense of that mystery is generally stronger in 1952 than it was in 1902; so many of the pleasant superficialities of life have been removed that we have perhaps a clearer vision of what life itself really is and the mystery at its root. Maeterlinck and Debussy shared an inkling of what poets, philosophers, and even scientists now proclaim; and if they gave it an expression which sometimes seems to us a little ludicrous, they were in a sense pioneers, with no models to work from.

They were pioneers in what they had to express, but partly creatures of fashion in the way they chose to express it. This must always be true of the greatest and most original artists. No single artist is the sole source of his own work, however original. Claude Debussy's greatness lies in the fact that he found perfect—what we still call "classical"—expression in music for the anti-intellectual ferment of the Nineties. That he managed, with Maeterlinck, to put this new atmosphere or "climate of opinion" onto the operatic stage was perhaps the greatest of his feats. "Pelléas" remains, after fifty years, not only a classic of the Nineties, the first rallying point of the reaction against Wagnerian domination in the opera house, but one of the great lyrical dramas of all time, where fashion is used and superseded and a window opened on the most secret and mysterious tracts of the human soul.

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A Biography of Wolf

ELISABETH SCHUMANN

WHEN I was asked to review Frank Walker's "Hugo Wolf"* I accepted this task only too readily. I had read this fascinating book last summer while on a concert tour throughout Britain and I was delighted to get an excuse to re-read it thoroughly once more. Only then, when I had assumed my new assignment of "book reviewer," did misgivings overcome me. I want, therefore, to explain at the very start, that I am writing this review as a lieder singer—not as a book critic. I would, for instance, not presume to speak about Mr. Walker's style, fluid and lucid as it seems to me. What I have to say must, of necessity, be a very personal opinion of this much-overdue biography of one of the great representatives of the German lied.

To get first things said first, I feel that Mr. Walker has achieved the true —and oh, so rare—goal of a biographer, namely to submerge his role of author so completely that Hugo Wolf, the genius, emerges as clearly and vividly as any biographical figure (and what a complex one at that) could possibly emerge. It is hard to understand why it took so long for someone to give up a convincing Hugo Wolf biography. That Mr. Walker has succeeded eminently in doing just that is a happy event for many musicians and music lovers. But more than that, I am convinced that this book will hold the interest of readers who do not especially care for music but who might perhaps win insight into the sometimes unbearable tortures a creative genius has to go through.

For me, as an ardent Wolf admirer, the book is, of course doubly interesting. How often does the re-creative artist wish he could have been privileged to know the creator whose works he interprets!

I was not privileged to know Hugo Wolf. But soon after I had arrived in Vienna to sing as a member of the Vienna State Opera I had the good fortune to coach most of the Wolf songs with *Studienrat* Ferdinand Foll. He was, as Mr. Walker shows, one of Wolf's tireless and loyal friends, and a wonderful musician and accompanist. On evenings when I did not sing, I would make appointments to study with Herr Foll at his studio in the opera house. From him I learned every tempo, every nuance, and every intention of Wolf's works. Foll's knowledge of his friend's marvellous songs was so thorough and so intimate that it is impossible to imagine anyone better qualified to have handed down the Wolf tradition.

Of course, I had been familiar with these lieder before I ever came to Vienna. I had heard the great Julia Culp, who by her unique artistry seemed chosen to become Wolf's first apostle.

It seems to me that Wolf did for the lied what his great idol Richard Wagner did for opera. There is in his songs an interwoveness, an interrelation of words and music that, up to then, could not be found in any of the other lieder compositions, whether by Mozart, Schubert, Schumann, or Brahms. And, again for the re-creative artist, especially the mature one, there is one thing about the Wolf lieder which I appreciate ever more: Wolf was so marvellously selective in the poems he set to music. While Schubert, for instance, could find inspiration from almost any lyric that came his way (which does not mean that lyrics like "Erlkönig," "Gretchen am Spinnrade," and many others have not superlative words), Wolf *never* set an inferior poem to music. I suppose he did not have the overflowing creativeness of Schubert who, judging from his enormous output, must have never stopped scribbling notes on music paper. (And *what* notes at that!) Still, think of the warm humor of "Wie glänzt der helle Mond," the indescribable atmosphere of "In der Frühe," or the pure lyricism of "In dem Schatten meiner Locken." I will hold them up against any other lied you can name.

Last year, when I went on my first concert tour of South Africa, my managers felt apprehensive about the Hugo Wolf group which, for some time now, has been as indispensable a part of my program as a group of Schubert songs. I was told that Hugo Wolf was hardly known in South Africa, that I could sing his songs in Johannesburg or Capetown but not in the other cities of my tour. I feel strongly about singing Hugo Wolf wherever I go. I thought it was time that someone did sing Wolf in this apparently still unconquered territory. When I wrote my managers to that effect they were kind enough to let me have my way. I am happy to say that even a subtle song like "Wie gläntz der helle Mond" (perhaps my special favorite) was understood and loved—whether I sang it in Johannesburg or in the small African town of Kroonstad. And I, personally, was tremendously happy to have been able to introduce Hugo Wolf to audiences who, even in 1951, had not heard his songs.

As I said at the start, I cannot thank Mr. Walker enough for having written his book. Only much later, when you mull it over, do you realize what effort, what research, and—last not least—what love must have gone into this biography. While you read it you are not conscious of all this. And this is as it should be. You are transformed into the very era, the very world that centered around a genius: Hugo Wolf.

*HUGO WOLF. By Frank Walker. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. 502 pp. $6.50.

Hugo Wolf on Applause

WOLF [in his music criticisms] wished in certain circumstances to forbid applause. If the Viennese public were to witness an eclipse of the moon, a thunderstorm, a rainbow, an earthquake or volcano, it would seem that their first reaction would be to applaud the good Lord for his excellent performance. . . . There were occasions when it was by no means out of place. "Continue to applaud, but only where the work of art itself invites applause—at resounding conclusions, in pieces of cheerful, festal, warlike, heroic character." At other times it was offensive and stupid. He instanced Beethoven's "Coriolan" Overture:

> The eye still stares drunkenly forward, as if into a magic mirror, wherein the gigantic shadow of Coriolanus slowly floats away, the tears still run, the heart throbs, the breath is caught, the limbs are incapable of movement —and the last note has scarcely died away, when you are again cheerful and contented, making a noise and criticizing and clapping. Oh, you have looked into no magic mirror, you have seen nothing, felt nothing, heard nothing, understood understood; nothing, nothing, nothing at all! But you applauded well.

—From "Hugo Wolf," by Frank Walker.

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Choral Miscellany

THOSE of us who were fortunate enough to hear Safford Cape's Belgian Pro Musica Antiqua group when they visited this country a couple of years ago were impressed by their unique combination of scholarship and musicality, of technical mastery and expressiveness. It is good news that they have recorded a collection of twelfth- and thirteenth-century music (EMS 201, $5.95) including vocal and instrumental selections, some of direct musical and rhythmic appeal (as "Alleluia psallat haec familia") or unusual melodic charm (as "Belle Doette," "Mayenzeit," or "Ce fut en mai"), some requiring—and rewarding—serious study. A gold mine for educators, this disc will win friends also among the laymen.

Heinrich Schütz's "Musikalische Exequien" is music of a later and far different day. In memory of a patron and friend, Bach's great forerunner composed a "German requiem" on favorite texts of the deceased. Especially lovely is the final section in which the German text of the " Nunc dimittis" is set in contrast to that of "Seelig sind die Toten," an inspiration of the very highest order. The performers are the Cantata Singers with seven soloists, organ, and double bass under Arthur Mendel's direction (REB 9, $5.95). The reproduction is powerful and sonorous, perhaps a bit too heavy in the bass.

Powerful, too, is the abridged performance of Handel's "Ode for Saint Cecilia's Day" (Urania URLP 7023, $5.95) by a German group under Arthur Rother. If one accepts the anomaly of hearing the Dryden text sung in German (both languages are given on the liner) there is much to admire in the brilliant and authoritative singing of the veteran tenor Walther Ludwig and the less dazzling but appealing lyrical work of the soprano Lore Hoffmann. The recording setup for once has not favored the singers, who seem to be beyond the orchestra. The resulting effect is less of sharp outlines than unusually natural balance. The tone is not, however, altogether free from distortion.

—PHILIP L. MILLER.

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B, B, T & W

THE public's appetite for sentimentality has contributed to the well-being of record manufacturers. A display of sentiment from these same manufacturers cannot be expected to be as profitable, and in fact we do not expect it at all. But the Weingartner Memorial Edition of the thirteen symphonies of Beethoven and Brahms, newly issued by Columbia on LP, is a venture decidedly tinged with sentiment. For the most recent original recording of these discs is nearly fifteen years old, and the oldest dates back twenty-five years. The thirteen discs have to face an immediate stern competition with no fewer than seventy-one other discs, the majority made under modern recording conditions throughout.

Weingartner was the first leading conductor to take the phonograph seriously as a means of serious musical communication. In 1923, he recorded for Columbia for the first time the Seventh and Eighth Symphonies, and for fifteen years recorded always and only for Columbia the giants of the symphonic repertory, periodically remaking some as engineering techniques improved. He is the first conductor to have public editions of all nine Beethoven symphonies, or to have made the four Brahms symphonies for a single house. Many of us were brought up on the Weingartner records of the Beethoven symphonies as a standard, and it seems in retrospect an almost unbelievable stroke of good luck that the man who gave us that standard should have been the man he was.

The remade Columbia evidence of his lofty aims and abilities is wonderful testimony indeed to the Weingartner method of logical and consistent unfolding of an exalted music uncontaminated by any conductorial whim. Basically, these thirteen discs are a superb guide for those who must know how the thirteen symphonies ought to be played. Almost any other version of any of the thirteen will show deviation from the Weingartner way, and, hearing such deviations, the listener almost invariably is impelled to challenge the deviation as less logical, less intrinsic to the music (although frequently more spectacular) than the way Weingartner has indicated it should be done. His way was the way of sobriety, and this personal reticence in score after score produces a solid dramatic effect more deeply penetrating than more sensational effects obtained by violence and idiosyncratic vagaries.

In terms of orchestral sound the re-created Weingartner discs are perforce considerably less vivid than records we have been receiving in the last ten years. Deftly as the transfers have been effected, we find an over-heavy and rather bumbling bass and a treble incompletely expressive of color and timbre. What we are getting are noble performances in a rather dim light. We cannot have other, for the leader is dead. If considerations of pure sound are to determine selection, not one of these will be selected. The sound is not poor—in many places it is very good—but it is inconsistently maintained and it is incomplete. It is hard to negate all the falsifications caused by the monitoring of the 1930's, and the weak climaxes on a number of these records illustrate this. Each symphony occupies the two sides of a twelve-inch disc except the Ninth, which fills three sides, and the Eighth, which occupies the odd side in the album supplied with the Ninth. Each disc is priced at $5.45. Here is a brief account of the Beethoven recordings:

First Symphony (Vienna Philharmonic Orchestra), ML 4501. A sunny, lyrical, and long-breathed reading with pleasantly warm tonal values and solid tutti very effective in places; some distortion of the horns.

Second Symphony (London Symphony Orchestra), ML 4502. This is a striking example of the conductor's smoothness in responding to the various caprices of a work unsettled in demeanor. The sound is somewhat brighter than the preceding, and distortion is less evident.

Third Symphony (Vienna Philharmonic Orchestra), ML 4503. The echo in the Vienna records sometimes increases the appeal of a recording, but here it diminishes the effect of Weingartner's serene, confident, and aristocratic Hero. High frequencies are enveloped in the reverberation.

Fourth Symphony (London Philharmonic Orchestra), ML 4504. A lovely, gracious exposition of the precise classic shape of a work whose form must not be disturbed. Here we have an agreeably expansive tone hampered by occasional distortion and weak *fortes*.

Fifth Symphony (London Philharmonic Orchestra), ML 4505. The wonderfully integrated continuity of the four movements has not been better expressed on records, and the richer scoring has been more completely realized than the orchestration of the preceding four. This and the Eighth seem to be the best records in the Beethoven series.

Sixth Symphony (Royal Philharmonic Orchestra), ML 4506. The "Pastoral" was recorded in 1927. The second movement lacks definition, the "Storm" is not very tempestuous.

Seventh Symphony (Vienna Philharmonic Orchestra), ML 4507. Tempo is of exceptional importance in this symphony, and the Weingartner tempos have always seemed impelled irresistably from the score itself. His performance has been the subject of dispute for years between its adherents and those who prefer the more electric and personal Toscanini interpretation, made about the same time and now also available on LP (RCA Victor LCT 1013). The Vienna reverberation is not an aid to clarity in the Weingartner reissue, but except for incomplete detail the sound is pretty conscientious.

Eighth Symphony (Vienna Philharmonic Orchestra), SL 165 (with *Ninth Symphony*). Again, tempo is of first importance. Weingartner has written very persuasively about the tempos of the middle movements here, and in this sparkling little symphony, which no one plays very badly, he has left a demonstration of how to play it best. The most satisfactory recording, as a whole, among his Beethoven symphonies.

Ninth Symphony (Vienna Philharmonic Orchestra, with Louise Helletsgruber [s], Rosette Anday [a], Georg Maikl [t], Richard Mayr [bs] and Vienna National Opera Chorus), SL 165 (with *Eighth Symphony*). The slow movement and choral finale have perhaps their ultimately eloquent performance in Weingartner's concept, and it is a pity that the choral recording (which on 78's was even less adequate) presents such a dispersed, unbalanced, and vaporous shadow of a chorus. The purely instrumental movements are sonically satisfactory although a little darkened by reverberation.

The four symphonies of Brahms (ML 4510-13) in the Weingartner edition exhibit in general the same sturdy leadership as the Beethoven nine. The records have in every case a superiority of purely tonal quality over the Beethoven symphonies, although the general features of large bass and incomplete differentiation of instruments are in the Brahms too, but less patently. It is hard to declare which has been engineered the most successfully, because a certain

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orchestration can make identical engineering methods seem better than another orchestration could. However the Third seems best in mass and in detail, closely followed by the First and then the Fourth and Second.

RCA Victor is in process of assembling for Arturo Toscanini, her great man, and very much alive, a corresponding panorama of achievement. No doubt he will be the second conductor to have recorded the nine Beethoven Symphonies—unless the Second and Fourth speedily appear under Bruno Walter's baton—for RCA has just issued the Fifth (with the NBC Orchestra) and the Sixth (with the BBC Orchestra) Symphonies in transfers from 78 rpm's.

We have already a splendid new Third (the best version), a good, if dated, First, and a somewhat battered Seventh from the eminent Italian conductor. He has recently recorded Nos. 1, 2, 6, 7, and 9 (to go with the re-recorded No. 3) and there are hopes he will do Nos. 4, 5, and 8 before going abroad this summer.

A new Fifth can indeed be welcomed, for the LP just issued on LCT 1041 (with a Beethoven miscellany overside) is a rather miserable recording of drab sound, low volume, and insufficient bass. Should a newer Fifth appear, nothing will justify the older, since the occasion of its recording in the fatal Studio 8H was distinguished by nothing historic, unless we count the nature of the performance itself historic, one not to be duplicated in all its special intensity. For that performance of the Fifth is overwhelming in the imperious and insistent declaration of its drama. It is a culmination and concentration of the invincible elements of Beethoven's battle. Wonderful, no doubt; but the drama of the triumphant finale marches to the accompaniment of oversized drums (excessively dry in tone) and trumpets which din into the awe-stricken ear an accumulation of assertive heartbeat. Maybe the finale is overwrought. At any rate it is overdrummed.

The "Pastoral" (LCT 1042) is a different story. The recording is fairly fresh and clean, better than any in the Weingartner series and infinitely better than the Toscanini Fifth, which is poorer than any of the Weingartner series. The performance is well-felt and skilfully shaped, with that especial talent of Toscanini's for chiseled outline. Furthermore, it is one of the few "Pastorals" which improves as it progresses, so that a "Storm" of good dimensions leads into a "Thanksgiving" ravishing in its devotional simplicity. —C. G. BURKE.

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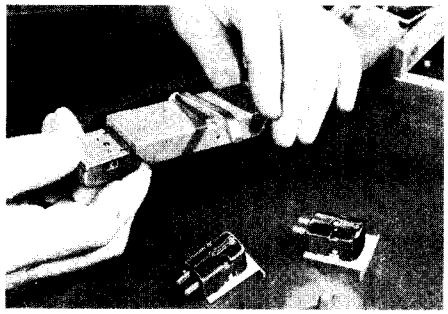

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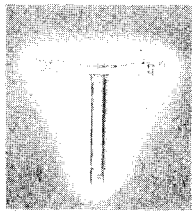

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Opera Quartet

WITH "Otello" in hand, "Macbeth" promised (both from Urania), and "Simon Boccanegra" just received, the Verdian literature on records has reached a state of completeness undreamed of pre-LP. When or how soon duplications of "Otello" will be marketed I cannot say, though London has paper plans for one in the next year, but it would be worth its while to measure the qualities of Urania LP 216 (three discs, $17.85) before proceeding. It is a conscientious, carefully managed affair, powerfully conducted by Alberto Paoletti of the Rome Opera. Much of the singing is acceptable, none of it offensive.

In terms of such a local standard as the recent Columbia disc of excerpts, Gino Sarri is a tenor of more lyric voice if without the dramatic power of Ramon Vinay; Antonio Manca Serra is a gruffer but more disciplined Iago than Frank Guarrera; Anna La Pollo (of New Canaan, Connecticut, described as twenty-two) a Desdemona without Eleanor Steber's mastery of outline but with a fresh powerful voice of dramatic impact and emotional appeal. The smaller roles are managed by artists of at least the quality of those in the recent Metropolitan performances.

These straws in the wind, however, scarcely show which way the dramatic hurricane of Verdi's creation blows in this performance. Thanks to Paoletti, it has mood and pace from first to last, firm dramatic contour and, where appropriate, softening emotional curves. If one element is relatively weak, it is the big-voiced but rather stolid Manca Serra as Iago. In terms of Leonard Warren, for example, he sings rather dryly and without the optimism in vocal nuance.

Paoletti has achieved the first responsibility of a conductor of a recorded opera—a cohesive, absorbing performance of the score—and Sarri (last heard of in Remington's "Rigoletto," in which he was unwisely described as a *tenore graziose*) makes a fluent thing of Otello's music. La Pollo is certainly a singer of promise, already capable of affecting performance, with a china-fragile voice which threatens to shatter but doesn't. Her "Salce, Salce" and "Ave Maria" are both meaningfully sung.

Urania's standards here, both in concept and engineering, are substantially higher than before. There are one or two moments in which individual voices are disproportionate to the orchestral background, and the closing moments of Side 4 (which runs close to twenty-five minutes) has some distortion. But this is unmistakably a Verdian "Otello," with all that implies.

THE pattern of record reviewing being determined in no small part by the order in which manufacturers deliver their products, I can only insert here a relatively brief attention to Cetra's impressive "Simon Boccanegra" (Cetra-Soria LP set 1231, $17.85), which came along after the items that precede and follow. However, the report is almost wholly affirmative, which means that elaborate attention to virtues and deficiencies is not required in any case.

Opera lovers know the difficulty of casting this eloquent, not too consecutive, but deeply satisfying score—it requires no less than three fine low voices, a powerful tenor who can sing lyrically, and a typically Verdian soprano of the Leonora-Amelia-Desdemona type. Taking Paolo Silveri, who sings Simon and is well-known from his Metropolitan appearances, as a recognizable touchstone, I would say the others are quite as good in vocal quality, suitability to the roles, and dramatic awareness. Outstanding is Carlo Bergonzi, a tenor unknown to me, who sings not only a well-disciplined but a really emotional Gabrielle Adorno, with Mario Petri (last year a promising "Don" at Glyndebourne) an excellent Fiesco, and Walter Monaschesi a very decent Paolo. Maria Antonietta Stella does not wholly command her powerful soprano, but lacks nothing of temperament when needed. Francesco Molinari-Pradelli is a knowing conductor, and the technical work is the best yet achieved by Cetra.

Cetra-Soria's generous service of last month on behalf of the Italian opera of 1810 ("La Vestale") is echoed this month for the 1910 variety with a recording of Zandonai's "Francesca da Rimini," which had five performances at the Metropolitan in 1916, four in 1917, and none since. This is a worthy gesture which is not likely to have the rewards that would come, say, from another version of "Cavalleria," no matter how bad. For that Cetra is entitled to our thanks.

However, admiration for "Francesca" is another thing. For those to whom it is merely a name (this listener included), it turns out to be a paler form of pretty much the same

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impulses to be found in Montemezzi's "L'Amore dei Tre Re": a Wagner-influenced relation of voices and orchestra, with a "literary" text—this one derived from D'Annunzio, as Montemezzi's was from Sem Benelli. It suffers from dramatic intricacies not imposed on Montemezzi, including a case of mistaken identity among brothers, complicated by the infatuation of a third brother for the lady married to one of the others but attracted to the second. This takes an inordinate time to unfold, and Zandonai's substantial gift does not include a melodic invention sufficient to maintain the interest all along the way.

Here, too, there must be a substantial credit to the conductor—Antonio Guarnieri—for drawing a suitable frame, even if the picture disappoints. Quite the best singing is done by Giacinto Prandelli (of recent Metropolitan memory) as Paolo, with Maria Caniglia drawing a well-defined Francesca of considerable vocal variability. Carlo Tagliabue is capable as one brother (Gianciotto), Mario Carlin good enough as the other (Malatestino).

Even if this well-supervised endeavor cannot be recommended with enthusiasm to a general public, I hope there are enough opera fans to make its reception encouraging to Cetra. There are a dozen or so other operas —by Pizzetti, Respighi, Vittadini, etc. —we should like the chance to evaluate under similar circumstances. Cetra can't be expected to do it just for fun, or historic illumination.

—The Editor.

* * *

At best, Nicolai's "Merry Wives of Windsor" is torpid operatic entertainment, the idiom of Weber turned sodden and beery. However, it makes a far more agreeable impression in Urania's three-disc version recorded in Berlin under the direction of Arthur Rother (URLP 214, $17.85) than in the two-disc Oceanic set issued last summer. There is accomplished singing throughout: Wilhelm Strienz, the Sarastro of Beecham's "Zauberflöte," portrays a ripe, ebullient, but not too boorish Falstaff; Lore Hoffmann and Walter Ludwig are appropriately sweet-voiced as the lovers, Anne and Fenton; Georg Hann draws whatever meager rewards can be found in the music assigned to Ford, and as his playful wife, Irma Beilke is dependably routined, if somewhat shy of effervescence. The reproduction is variable: bright and robust in some parts, thin and ill-defined in others.

—R. G.

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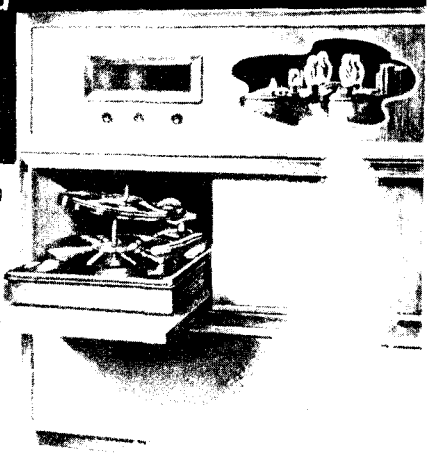

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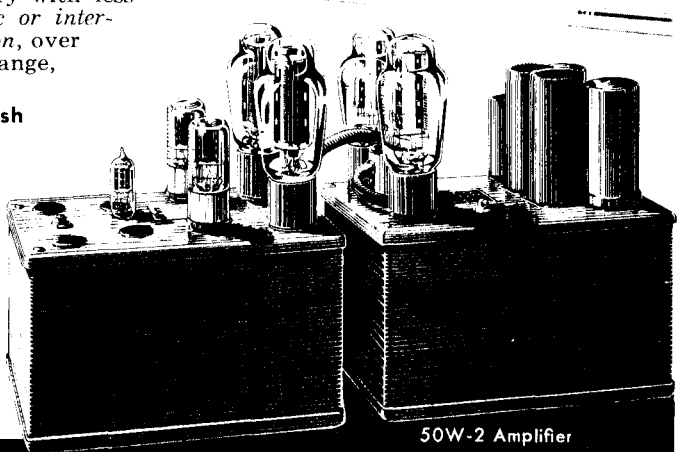

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Recordings in Review

Worthy Brahmins

BRAHMS: *Symphony No. 1. Eduard van Beinum conducting the Amsterdam Concertgebouw Orchestra.* (London LLP 490, $5.95.) *The same. Eugene Ormandy conducting the Philadelphia Orchestra.* (Columbia ML 4477, $5.45.) *Concerto in A minor. Nathan Milstein, violin, and Gregor Piatigorsky, cello, with Fritz Reiner conducting.* (RCA Victor LM 1191, $5.72.) *The same. Jean Fournier, violin, and Antonio Janigro, cello, with Hermann Scherchen conducting.* (Westminster WL 5117, $5.95.)

AS in the instance of the Mozart noted below, the common level of quality in these duplications is so high that any or all might merit recommendation were no competitive versions available. The issue, therefore, comes down more than ordinarily to personal predilections, preference among several styles of recording, each capably carried out. With the symphonies, though I find Van Beinum's concept a shade more volatile than Ormandy's—and animation can be valuable in a work so heavy in its tread as this one—the great qualities of the Philadelphia Orchestra, as revealed in another of Columbia's brilliant transcriptions, magnetize my attention more. The London reproduction is first class, but it is rather cloudy and indistinct beside the luminous, open sound achieved by Columbia.

There is rather more air space between the relative altitudes attained by the four soloists and two conductors in the double "Doubles." Scherchen almost reaches the Reiner level in his direction, but does not sustain the tension and drive so steadily, while both Piatigorsky and Milstein are more assured virtuosos in a work that demands top virtuosity rather than merely the subtle musicianship provided by Janigro and Fournier. Fournier's tone thins out unpleasantly on top, and does not have the luster of Milstein's at any point, while Piatigorsky draws a bigger, fuller sound from his instrument than Janigro. In all, for rhythmic bite, melodic sweep, and fine integration of all elements, the Reiner-led "Double" is closer to the memorable level of the Heifetz-Feuermann than any recorded performance since. The sound is much similar to the Columbia Brahms for the best of good reasons—it was made in the same auditorium (Academy of Music) with virtually the same orchestra, here called the Robin Hood Dell Orchestra.

Mozart in Multiple

MOZART: *Six Quartets (Dedicated to Haydn). Roth Quartet.* (Mercury MGL 8, $14.55.) *Quartets in C (K.465) and D (K.575). Guilet String Quartet.* (Concert Hall CHS 1130, $5.95.) *Quartets in D (K.499 and K.575). Stuyvevsant String Quartet.* (Philharmonia PH 105, $5.95.)

THERE is much to be said for such a comprehensive treatment of the heart of Mozart's quartet writing as Mercury has given us here, especially when the leader is so knowing a chamber musician as Feri Roth. Save for Jeno Antal, long-time second violinist,

the ensemble is different from the one with which the fame of the group is associated, but the style persists—clear, meticulous, note-sure, vigorous. If it sounds sometimes to lack spontaneity, that is a by-product doubtless of its preoccupation with literal faithfulness to the printed page. As in the case of the Pascal-Beethoven series for Concert Hall, one can imagine one or another of the quartets performed with more special sympathy, but the totality is strikingly good. Likewise, Mercury's processing, which is quartet reproduction of the first order, save for a little shrillness in the first violin's top range.

The other issues have a meeting ground in the D major, K.575, and in the excellence of the playing throughout. A choice will depend on the buyer's preference in repertory and in recording technique, for he will hear fine Mozart playing in either instance. My preference in D majors goes to the Stuyvesants playing of K.575 in a broader, more singing style than the thinner, more nervous articulation of the Guilets. The former is much liver reproduction also, done in the very vibrant Bronxville church utilized for its Ravel-Debussy coupling. Concert Hall's technique is close-up studio style, and well realized.

Truly Golden Cockerel

RIMSKY-KORSAKOV: *"Coq d'Or" Suite and "Capriccio Espagnol." Roger Désormière conducting the French National Symphony Orchestra.* (Capitol P-8155, $4.98.)

DESORMIÈRE has not only done a fine job of liberating the imagery and fancy inherent in "Coq d'Or," he has done an even finer one of spinning out the threads of its texture in such a way as to remind one anew of the genius that was Rimsky's. I speak not merely of those brave brass blasts which limn the quasi-heroic King Dodon, but rather of the intricate lovely string and woodwind figures which portray the sleeping court in a magical slumber straight out of fairyland. In both respects he seems much more at one with the score than Beecham was in his recently issued version for Columbia.

No doubt a good share of the effect of this is conditioned by the luster and detail of the recording, the best by far Capitol has yet achieved, and one that makes its FDS (Full Dimensional Sound) catch-phrase permissible if not applaudable. Let's have fewer phrases, boys, and more good recordings!

The overside "Capriccio Espagnol" is a similar feather for the Désormière beret, if noisy and jangly in its lavish cymbals for the best home effect. His original view of this score is that it is music as well as sound effects, and he makes, so far as the engineers permit, a jaunty, bright, gay thing of it. But "Coq d'Or" is another, and more consistent, matter.

Enter Rangstroem

RANGSTROEM: *Symphony No. 1 in C sharp minor. Tor Mann conducting the Stockholm Concert Association Orchestra.* (London LLP 514, $5.95.)

AS a penalty of the LP process and its investigation of areas of music formerly off-limits for recording, it has become almost imperative for a music critic to have read a book or seen a

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picture in order to ply his trade. That is plainly an invasion of his constitutional right to be ignorant, and a development which calls for a firm stand on his part. I hearby acknowledge that all I know about the dramas of August Strindberg, to whom this symphony is dedicated "in Memoriam," is what I have read about them in the works of George Jean Nathan. However, the composer (now in his seventies) has relieved us of the need for reading all of Strindberg in order to appreciate this tribute to him by saying "the dedication is only an expression of gratitude."

As the symphony dates from 1914 (Strindberg died in 1912), one does not look for revolutionary tendencies in Rangstroem's writing. But it is a work of granite-firm substance and rich darkness of color quite extraordinary, with a dirge-like slow movement which should have been known to us years ago. If, as in the case of the Nielsen "Espansiva" revealed here by London not long ago, I hear traces of Mahler in the use of the orchestra, that is merely to respect the influence on all three of Wagner's orchestral innovations. The orchestra is quite qualified to do the score justice, and while it would be presumptious to evaluate Mann's treatment of a work unknown to me, it is thoroughly convincing. The recording is lacking in the kind of detail usually favored by London—a consequence, probably, of the hall in which the job was done—but it is thoroughly good of its kind.

New Singers, Old Repertory

MASSENET: *"Don Quichotte" excerpt, etc. George London, bass-baritone, with Metropolitan Opera Orchestra conducted by Jean Morel and Kurt Adler.* (Columbia ML 4489, $5.45.)

MONTEVERDI: *"Partenza Amorosa," etc. Magda Laszlo, soprano, with Franz Holletschek, piano.* (Westminster WL 5119, $5:95.)

IF George London wants to go ahead and record the whole Chaliapin repertory (up to and including Glinka's "Midnight Review") it is all right with me; if he wants, indeed, to record "Boris" complete in Russian while Cesare Siepi does it in English, it will be even better. The demonstration of vocal power, dramatic force, and character evocation on this disc is almost staggering in its suggestion of what London might do on stage with Boris or Mephistopheles, among other classic bass-baritone parts.

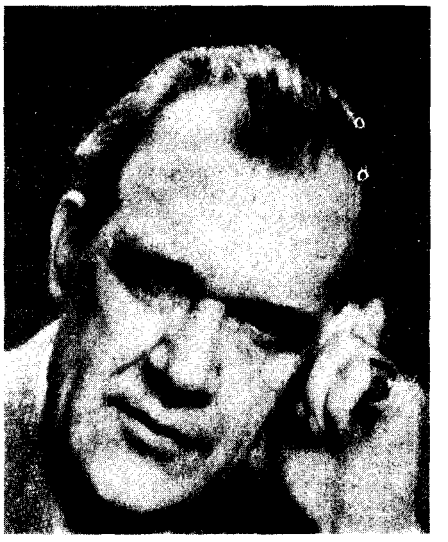
I haven't referred back to the old Chaliapin versions of the "Quichotte" scene (in which Rosalind Nadell sings the brief part of Dulcinea and London interpolates the lines of Sancho Panza), or the second-act aria of Prince Igor, or the excerpt from Rubinstein's "Demon," for London's singing is quite good enough to stand on its merits without comparison. It is reassuring to hear him sing French as well as Russian, for we imagine he'll have more use at the Metropolitan for the former than the latter. If I have one complaint about the disc, it is that microphone placement gives London almost too much of an aural "break," which he doesn't need. A purer, less spectacular kind of recording would make his own talent that much more convincing. Both conductors assist capably. I have actually, another complaint: skimpy notes.

Poles apart from the flaming projection of London is the cool, composed, and artful vocalization of Magda Laszlo, a Hungarian-born soprano of Italian training, who makes her disc debut with a dozen excerpts from one of the most difficult of repertories—the Italian art songs of Caccini ("Amarilli"), Carissimi ("Vittoria"), Monteverdi ("Lasciatemi morire"), etc. She sings them all with fine vocal quality, keen musicianship, and a sense of tonal projection all too rare among contemporary singers. My only demur is with Miss Laszlo's rather self-contained way of expressing her texts. Pergolesi's "Se tu m'ami" is certainly a more active thing, emotionally, than she permits it to be, as Monteverdi's "Lasciatemi morire" is more profound. Highly ably vocal art, nevertheless, and beautifully reproduced.

Good, Better, Best

MOZART: *"Sinfonia Concertante" (E flat, K.364). Reinhold Barchet, violin, Heinz Kirchner, viola, and chamber orchestra conducted by Wilhelm Seegelken;* also MOZART: *"Sinfonia Concertante" (E flat K.297b) for oboe, clarinet, horn, basssoon, and chamber orchestra. Rolf Reinhardt conducting.* (Vox PL 7320, $5.95.) *"Sinfonia Concertante" (E flat,* K.364). *Joseph and Lillian Fuchs, with the Zimbler Sinfonietta.* (Decca LP 9596, $5.85.)

A MERE matter of weeks ago either of these would have been hailed with hallelujahs, as the reward for the record collectors' patient wait, over years, for adequate attention to one of the richest works of (but rarely in) the repertory. But in those weeks we have had the splendid Barylli-Doktor playing from Vienna, with



Tor Mann—"thoroughly convincing."

many qualities transcending the merely adequate.

Since players who trouble themselves to combine in a work of this one's self-effacement and non-virtuosity are, *per se,* likely to be practitioners of a high expertness, it should not surprise the reader to learn that both of these new versions are musically impeccable. In addition both are splendidly engineered, which is more surprising in the Vox than in the Decca instance, but none the less gratifying. At best, however, there is a margin, both in performance and reproduction, which marks the Barylli-Doktor playing and reproduction as the de luxe edition of the three.

It will not have escaped the reader's observation that the Vox edition is held to a single side of a twelve-inch LP with another work on the second side; both Westminster and Decca utilize the whole LP for the one work. As timed, the Vox version plays in twenty-nine minutes plus, which is not at all *outré* for a single twelve-inch LP side (see Toscanini "Bohème"), but does require the elimination of separating space between the movements, and impels a slightly faster pace for both slow movement and finale than judicious taste would decree. However, the splendid "Concertante" (K.297b) in a very decent performance on Side 2 is no small magnet for the buyer's dollar.

This gives rather short shrift to the playing of Fuchs, through no intrinsic deficiencies, but only because it falls short of the special distinctions of the Barylli-Doktor without amounting to the special kind of value provided by Vox. The solo violin and viola are in splendid form in the Decca issue, but the ensemble is a little less spontaneous and satisfying than that of the Vienna players.

—IRVING KOLODIN.

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Recordings Reports: Classical LP's

WORK, PERFORMER, DATA	REPORT
Bach: Six Partitas. Paul Badura-Skoda, piano. Westminster WAL 303, $17.85.	A few lines of type might well seem an unworthy attention to such sizable matter as six Partitas of Bach, did not the circumstances conform so closely to the suggestions of the performer and what is performed. Badura-Skoda is a beautifully schooled artist, but these performances are, for all their care, definition, and soundness, still more of the school than the concert hall. I miss personal poetry, insight, and elevation of spirit. In other respects, wholly respectable Bach playing and reproduced with finely balanced, aurally caressing piano sound.
Beethoven: Symphony No. 1. Charles Munch conducting the Boston Symphony Orchestra. RCA Victor LM 1200, $5.72.	One of the better Munch-Boston Symphony issues in sound, if no unbearable joy as a playing of Beethoven. All I derive from Munch's reaction to this score is a certain physical sensation, and that rather coarsely conveyed. With it is the Haydn Symphony No. 103 ("Drum-Roll") in a factual, rather stodgy performance.
Beethoven: Symphony No. 6 in F. Hermann Scherchen conducting the orchestra of the Vienna State Opera. Westminster WL 5108, $5.95.	Scherchen hardly needs endorsement now as nobody's fool when it comes to such works of the Viennese literature as this. Sound, direct intelligent, and, above all, beautifully disciplined, it gives one man's "Pastoral" just as he imagines it. As the current Toscanini revival shows (page 50), however, another's breadth of feeling and warmth of spirit can come closer to a universal idea of Beethoven. Supple, superbly just recording, and in the "Storm" section almost wetly authentic.
Dvorak: Symphony in E minor ("New World"). Rafael Kubelik conducting the Chicago Symphony Orchestra. Mercury MG 50002, $5.95.	Big, vivid orchestral sound, and a robust idea of Dvorak are the strongly marked characteristics of this issue of a work already overfavored on LP. To my ears, shock effect is more conspicuous in the recording than a judicious sense of orchestral timbres and balance as appropriate for home consumption. Kubelik manages some effects, especially in the Largo, beautifully, but the recording is effective only at full volume, at which point it is overpowering.
Grieg: "Holberg Suite." Chamber orchestra conducted by Harold Byrns. Capitol P 8158, $4.98.	Good weighty string sound and fair enough technical execution of the music. Real mood or artistic evaluation of the problems involved are in short supply. Arensky's "Variations on a Theme of Tchaikovsky" is heard on Side 2.
Grieg: Concerto in A minor. Dinu Lipatti, piano, with Herbert von Karajan and the Philharmonia Orchestra. Columbia ML 4525, $5.45.	Those who have already purchased Lipatti's fine version of the Schumann Concerto on a ten-inch LP will doubtless abuse Columbia for combining it now with this unfamiliar playing of the Grieg, but others will rate it a thoughtful gesture. It is, in any case, another argument for considering Lipatti one of the most sensitive artists of the postwar epoch whose career, unfortunately, was ended by death a year or so ago. Thoroughly good recording. In characteristic fashion, the jacket matter tells us all about the familiar works, nothing about the still-unfamiliar artist.
Haydn: Quartet in E flat, Opus 64, No. 6. New Italian Quartet. London LLP 320, $5.95.	Marvelously controlled Haydn playing by the Italian artists, especially in the slow movement, with its almost Latin aria style of writing for the first violin. With it is a Boccherini quartet in B flat (Opus 6, No. 1). The splendid sound of both is marred by turntable hum or line noise, a source of annoyance whatever the cause.
Ibert: "Escales." Leopold Stokowski and his orchestra. RCA Victor LM 151, $4.67.	I little expected words of praise to be latent for any playing of this aural travelogue ("Palermo," "Tunis," "Valencia"), but Stokowski does the impossible with a performance of amazing orchestral detail and coloristic variety. Some of the woodwind playing and its acute reproduction are an experience simply not possible in the concert hall. Overside are grouped Berlioz's "Dance of the Sylphs," Sibelius's "Swan of Tuonela" (with the eminent Columbia executive Mitchell Miller giving traitorous eloquence to a competitor's issue) and the "Goyescas" Intermezzo.
Korngold: "Die Tote Stadt" excerpts, etc. The composer conducting, also Wilhelm Loibner; with Anton Dermota, tenor, and Hilde Zadek, soprano. Masterseal MW 46, $6.45.	Despite the brief participation of Dermota and Zadek, and some samples of Korngold's piano playing, this disc is scarcely worth the price asked (processing is much the same as that of the economy Remington line). A lengthy excerpt from Korngold's "Much Ado About Nothing" score uses up most of the second side. In any case, the literature is not likely to be duplicated soon.
Mahler: "Lieder eines Fahrenden Gesellen." Blanche Thebom, contralto, with Sir Adrian Boult conducting. RCA Victor LM 1203, $5.72.	Beautiful vocal sound, but either terribly reserved and genteel interpretation, or refined and gentle. The effect, in any case, is of being lightly sprinkled with Mahler, rather than of being immersed in it. The languid conducting of Sir Adrian does not supply the impulse Thebom lacks. Overside is the collection of Wolf songs formerly available in a 78-rpm album. Many of these are thoughtfully done, but the mood becomes rather oppressive at LP length.
Mozart: Quintet in A. Leopold Wlach, clarinet, with the Vienna Konzerthaus Quartet. Westminster WL 5112, $5.95. The same. Benny Goodman, clarinet, with the American Art Quartet. Columbia ML 4483, $5.45.	As a corrective to the kind of streamlined clarinet playing favored by Goodman and, in higher expertness, by Reginald Kell, the more leisurely, lingering style of Wlach has its considerable attractiveness. He could, to be sure, use some of their facility—especially in the minuet—but the slow movement and especially the finale profit from a deeper awareness of the total Mozart than one has heard in this music for a long time. Goodman's version is certainly creditable, but rather dry and stiff-jointed beside the more liquid style of Wlach. Noteworthy, too, is the string playing of the Viennese ensemble, which makes much a quintet of the work than the four-and-one effect of Goodman. Also, the European recording is decidedly more vibrant and full bodied.
Mozart: "Magic Flute" and five other overtures. Josef Krips conducting the London Symphony Orchestra. London LLP 356, $5.95.	Six Mozart overtures—guaranteed by the label to be "famous"—are four or five more than I care to hear in succession, but Krips directs all humanely, with care and zest. The "Cosi fan tutte" is especially fine (thanks in part to the sly oboeing of Leon Goosens) but the big bass will require amelioration on some sets. Also included are the "Figaro," "Don Giovanni," "Impressario," and "Seraglio" forewords, eloquently spoken.
Schubert: Trio in E flat, Opus 100. P. Badura-Skoda, piano, Jean Fournier, violin, and Antonio Janigro, cello. Westminster WL 5121, $5.95.	Beautiful if belated attention to one of the glories of the chamber-music literature, too often neglected for its more smiling companion work, the B flat (Opus 99). Fournier's tone is a bit light at times, but the trio is otherwise remarkably homogeneous, wholly of a mind about the way to go about this powerful, pulsating work. I have nothing but praise for the recording.
Strauss: "Dance of the Seven Veils" ("Salome"). Eugene Ormandy and the Philadelphia Orchestra. Columbia AL 12, $2.85.	This month's object lesson in orchestral playing from the numerous Pennsylvania professors, churned to a foam by Ormandy. There have been other versions of more insinuation (such as the Beecham-RCA), but this is certainly Straussian. With it is a loud lumbering treatment of the "Polka and Fugue" from Weinberger's "Schwanda." —IRVING KOLODIN.

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Pop Roundup

WHEN a popular record company can produce several big hits in rapid succesion, the entire roster bask in the aura of mass acceptance. Two short years ago Columbia's pop department was in the doldrums, neglected while that company devoted its major effort to LP. But today Columbia has the hottest pop line on the market. The label releases less records than its competitors, but more of them make the grade commercially.

While most of the companies have profited lately from an influx of creative supervisory personnel, Columbia has cornered an all-star "Artists and Repertoire" staff, including three unusually versatile musicians, Mitch Miller, Paul Weston, and Percy Faith, as well as the eminent jazz authority George Avakian. The colorful Miller, a legitimate oboe virtuoso, is in charge. Some old-time music men complain that Miller's predilection for "gimmicks" has ushered in an era wherein the performance counts more than—and frequently obscures—the Tune. Good tunes, they insist, have disappeared in the din of French horns, harpsichords, whips, wails, and shouts. We can't agree.

One new LP, POPULAR FAVORITES (COL CL-6205), contains a representative assortment of recent successes. Three of the eight—Johnny Ray's "Cry," Frankie Laine's "Jalousie," and Tony Bennett's "Because of You," have sold a million or more records each, the others at least half that, as singles.

Good tunes—eight of them, may be found in an instrumental program arranged and conducted by Weston. The one-time T. Dorsey arranger calls it MELODIES FOR A SENTIMENTAL MOOD (COL CL-6204) and his scores are tasteful, fairly simple, and most danceable. Included are "This Can't Be Love" and "Why Shouldn't I?"

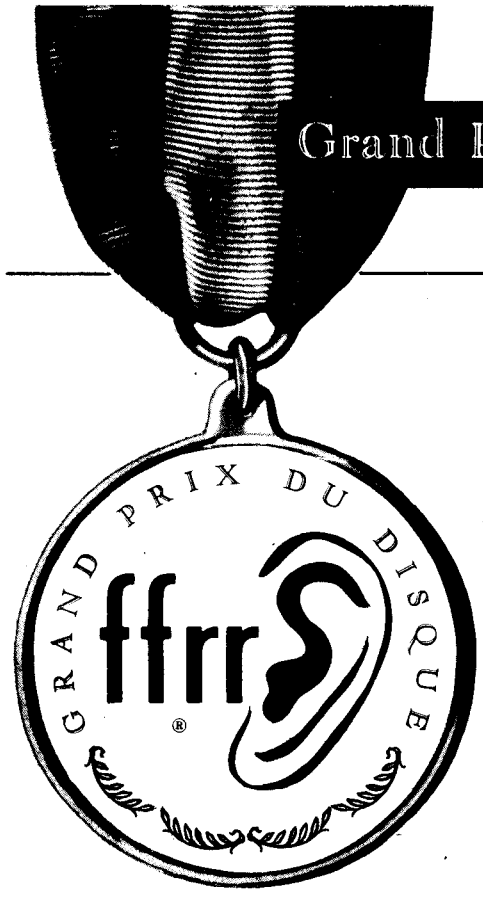
Not quite as simple are Percy Faith's FASCINATING RHYTHMS (COL CL-6203). Faith orchestrates lavishly, but, like Weston, he insures a broader acceptance of his *oeuvre* by maintaining dance tempos. The rhythms here include samba, rumba, waltz, tango, and fox-trot.

The label's current phenomenon, Johnnie Ray, whose record of "Cry" is the biggest seller since "Tennessee Waltz," is the victim of a side-splitting take-off by one Stan Freberg. The thing is entitled TRY, (CAP 2029) with the suggestion that "You can be unhappy if you TA-RYE-EE!!!" But Ray can spoof his own grotesque delivery, and does that delightfully in a bit of tongue-in-cheek nonsense, WHAT'S THE USE?, which claims Turkish derivation (COL 39698).

Film Fare

According to early sales reports, M-G-M's sound-track set from the film SINGIN' IN THE RAIN (M-G-M—E113) is the country's next big album. It makes a thoroughly enjoyable program, bringing back a bright batch of ditties mostly by Arthur Freed and Nacio Herb Brown. Gene Kelly, always a pleasant performer, sounds more authoritative than usual in his contribution, which includes the title song "You Were Meant for Me," "You Are My Lucky Star," and "All I Do is Dream of You." Debbie Reynolds and Donald O'Connor are also heard from.

—BILL SIMON.



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May 1-3	Mount Vernon, Iowa	Rafael Kubelik, Chicago Symphony Orchestra, Astrid Varnay, M. Horszowski, etc.	Solo recitals; Bach "Magnificat" on May 3.
May 1-3	Spartanburg, S. C.	Pedro San Juan, conductor, Spartanburg Symphony, Carroll Glenn, violinist.	Orchestral programs, also "Mikado."
May 15-17 May 23-24	Bethlehem, Pa.	Ifor Jones, conductor, Bach Choir, Mack Harrell, David Lloyd, etc.	Bach cantatas and B minor Mass (May 17 and 24).
May 16-18	Oakland, Cal. (Mills College)	Hungarian String Quartet, Egon Petri, piano, etc. Dance group directed by Eleanor Lauer.	Premieres of Milhaud Quintet and Piston String Quartet. (Also ballet.)
May 23-24	Berea, Ohio	Rosalyn Tureck, Joseph Knitzer, Suzanne Der Derian, etc.	Bach literature, including "St. John Passion," cantatas.
June 8	U.S. 23, south of Ashland, Ky.	Traipsin' Woman (Jean Thomas), others.	Folk songs, dulcimer, etc. Nemone Balfour, Scottish folk-singer, special guest.
June 9-August 9	Provo, Utah (Brigham Young University)	Paganini String Quartet, Nicolai Malko, conductor, etc.	Eight quartet concerts, four lectures on history of quartet, Malko clarinet concerto played by N. Cerminara.
June 12-14	Chapel Hill, N. C.	Bascom Lamar Lunceford, director.	Fifth Annual Carolina Folk Festival. Songs, music, dances.
June 23-August 2	New York (Lewisohn Stadium)	Stadium Orchestra, Mitropoulos, Monteux, Smallens, Kostelanetz conducting.	Symphonic repertory on Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday, and Thursday, popular programs Saturday.
June 23-August 23	Sewanee, Tenn.	Roy Harris, Josef Gingold, Johanna Harris.	Weekly concerts (Nashville, Friday; Sewanee, Sunday).
June 23-July 28	Philadelphia, Pa. (Robin Hood Dell)	Robin Hood Dell Orchestra with Kostelanetz, Szell, Dorati, Hilsberg, Leinsdorf conducting.	"Name" soloists in orchestra and concerto literature; "Carmen" on June 30.
June 28-August 30	Central City, Colo.	Tibor Kozma, musical director, Metropolitan, City Center personnel.	Alternating repertory of "Bohème" and "Nozze di Figaro."
June 29-August 2	Cincinnati, Ohio (Zoological Gardens)	Fausto Cleva, Paul Breisach directing Metropolitan, City Center personnel.	"Carmen," "Butterfly," "Bohème," "Trovatore," "Manon," "Merry Widow," etc.
July 2-August 31	Aspen, Colo.	Joseph Rosenstock conductor, Reginald Kell, Mack Harrell, Martial Singher, Roman Totenberg, many others.	Thirty concerts at 4 P.M. on alternate days, including Berlioz's "L'Enfance du Christ" on July 16.
July 5-August 10	Lenox, Mass. (Tanglewood)	Boston Symphony Orchestra, Charles Munch director, with Monteux and Bernstein, guests.	Chamber orchestra series July 5-6, 12-13, 19-20. Shed series July 24-26-27, July 31-Aug. 2-3, 7-9-10.
July 14-20	Carmel, Calif.	Gastone Usigli, conductor, soloists, choir.	Bach literature, including B minor Mass, all "Brandenburg" concerti.
July 15-Sept. 6	Los Angeles, Calif.	Hollywood Bowl Symphony Orchestra, guest conductors—Walter, Wallenstein, etc.	Tuesday and Thursday concerts of orchestral repertory, Saturday "pop" series.
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"Hedda" Complete

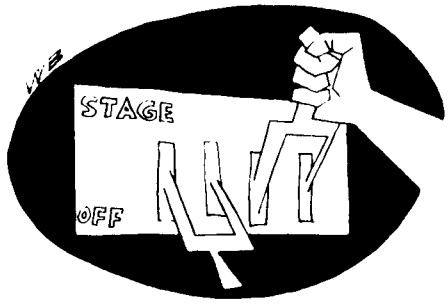
IBSEN: *"Hedda Gabler." Eva Le Gallienne, Richard Waring, Carmen Mathews, Andrew Cruickshank. Translated and directed by Miss Le Gallienne.* (Theatre Masterworks, $10.75; 3 LP's.)

THIS is the first of a projected series of complete recordings of famous plays, presented by a firm whose theatrical luminaries are Eva Le Gallienne and Margaret Webster. The venture is off to a commendable start, in terms of performing quality, because of Miss Le Gallienne's portrayal of Hedda and her fluent, actable translation.

Miss Le Gallienne has been playing Hedda for twenty-five years and there are no secrets in the part for her. One may wonder at her fondness for a character so desolate of attraction, one who lacks even the fascination of thorough villainy, but the fact remains that she creates a Hedda of texture and dimension: wiry, cruel, and frantic for unattainables. The rest of the cast, as is usual in recorded plays, is a decidedly mixed bag. The best is Andrew Cruickshank, whose Judge Brack has a refined diabolism. Carmen Mathews is adequate as Mrs. Elvsted, but her voice is so similar in quality to the star's that, at times, only Miss Le Gallienne's greater incision of speech marks the transition from one character to the other. Curious casting. David Lewis as Tesman is more radio than real. As Lovborg, Richard Waring, an actor of some force in the theatre, continues to reveal limited means in this purely aural medium; his voice is simply not an engaging instrument. The characters and scenes of each act are described by Miss Webster.

As for the play itself, it seems to have completed an odd cycle. When first seen, it was thought unworthy because it invaded unmentionable moral areas. It overcame that objection as those areas were admitted to the province of art. But now it seems unworthy for another reason: it tells us nothing about human beings that has not since been much better expressed elsewhere; and without the virtue of pioneer revelation, the display of Hedda's egomaniacal behavior seems archaic and gratuitous. Then, too, the play's flabby motivations and naked contrivances for a time concealed by, or forgiven for, the author's social purpose, are now hard to accept. Surely the definition of a classic is a play which continues to move us, not one which once had importance.

Bernard Shaw said of another Ibsen play: "It will be flat as ditchwater



when 'A Midsummer Night's Dream' will still be as fresh as paint; but it will have done more work in the world." The same might be said of "Hedda Gabler," which, artistically speaking, has passed to its reward. However, those who for their own reasons want to hear a good performance of the title role will find it in this album.

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COLE PORTER

(*Continued from page 45*)

Kirk sing "I'm Always True to You in My Fashion," I noticed with some dismay that the only laughs were coming during the singing of the lines in which the title was repeated: "But I'm Always True to You, Darlin', in My Fashion; yes, I'm always true to you, darlin', in my way." Not overlooking the comic effect Miss Kirk made with her visual emphasis at these points, the results were scarcely so clever or entertaining as "Mister Thorn once cornered corn and that ain't hay," or "I enjoy a tender pass by the boss of Boston, Mass., though his pass is middle-class and not Back Bay." Yet no chuckles were heard while they were being sung. The reason, on reflection, is obvious, but no less interesting. The audience was listening closely and saving its laughter for the time when something they already knew, the title, could be drowned out without loss.

PORTER has learned this lesson well and uses the device of an "escape valve" for laughter to perfection. Usually it is the title of the song, placed after the punch line, where the listener's desire to laugh is at a peak. "Mosquitoes, Heaven forbid, do it, so does ev'ry Katydid do it, Let's do it, let's fall in love"; or "If they ever put a bullet through your brain, I'll complain! It's Friendship, Friendship, just a perfect blendship."

As the trend of this investigation shows, Porter's strict sense of discipline and proportion asserts itself in the opposite kind of device, in the kind of song where giving away the point of the song too soon would spoil the effect of a serious song, just as not giving the audience its proper opportunity to laugh would spoil the effect of a comic one—a basic precept of lyric writing, to be sure, but one which is worth attention as handled by this master craftsman. In "So in Love," for an example, the commitment, "I'm yours till I die," could have been inserted earlier in the song, while lessening the climax appreciably. "Night and Day," to return to the point of beginning for this whole discussion, reaches its proper climax with the words, at the climax, "Its torment won't be through, till you let me spend my life making *love* to you, Night and Day."

Porter's command of the means he has made his life-work—he writes music, too, but that is an article for somebody else—is so vast that he can write a song which has for its climax

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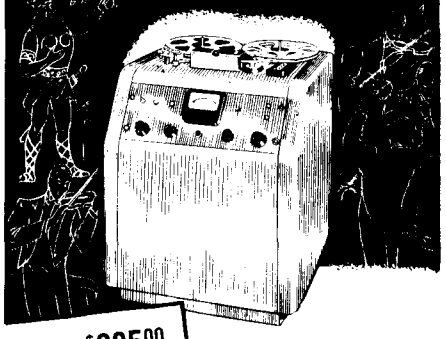

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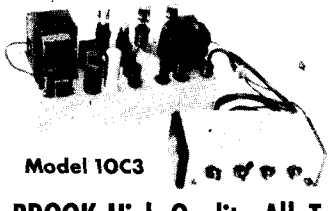

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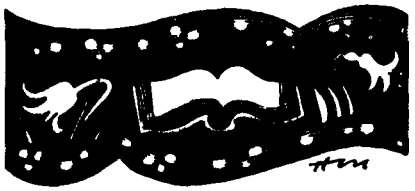
a revelation which reverses the lyric's *apparent* meaning and surprisingly exposes its *real* one. I refer to "All Through the Night," a song of unrequited love, at first expressed indirectly with an ambiguity we are not even aware of. The opening idea is that "All Through the Night, I delight in your love." In other words, "at night we are together." Then, "When dawn comes to waken me, you're never there at all." It can still be assumed that "at night we are together," though in the day you depart. But even this is not the case, for the lyric continues: "I know you've forsaken me, till the



shadows fall; but then, once again, I can DREAM I've the right to be close to you All Through the Night." So we have a paraphrase of the Tin Pan Alley gambit, "I'll See You in My Dreams," but what a paraphrase!

Here, then, is a measure of Porter's mind, of its easy passage from the esoteric to the lowbrow, the idealistic to the iconoclastic, the sophisticated to the sentimental. A study of Porter seen through his lyrics reveals a man of versatility, restraint, ebullience, balance. These factors contribute not only to the kinds of songs he writes, but also to the way he writes them. He does not belabor any particular technique, nor does he make his technique obvious. He is, instead, ingenious with his ingenuity, and perhaps the most vital part of his mechanics is the technique of his technique. The tricks are all there, but in his many great songs they are so finely woven into the whole that they do their necessary work without distracting attention from the pleasure of the word, the music, and the always pertinent idea.

Perhaps a popular song is a simple pleasure that should not be subject to analysis. That Porter's can be analyzed without destroying any part of their pleasure is the highest tribute to a man of genius in his field.

Fred Lounsberry is a Cole Porter fancier who spends his time, when not pursuing that avocation, at radio station WGR in Buffalo, New York, where he is presently promotion director.

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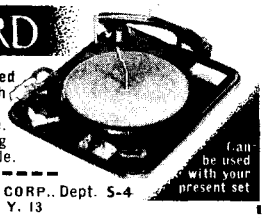

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Beiderbecke and Bailey

WILDER HOBSON

A QUARTER of a century ago I visited a *boîte* in the depths of New Haven, Connecticut, where a group of us fell into discussion with a happy alto saxophone player who seemed as free from the ordinary jealousies of the musical life as the eminent violinist Albert Einstein. The saxophonist had been working under a dance band leader who played the Eastern seaboard as far as the Victor recording studios and whose *nom de podium* was Barney Rapp. Rapp, if the truth be known, was a contraction of Rappoport, a treasured name in New Haven tailoring history, and there was nothing particularly wrong with the Barney Rapp ensemble except that a little while previously, according to our saxophonist, they had had the misfortune to engage in a battle of music with the Jean Goldkette orchestra at a Massachusetts pavilion called Nutting-on-the-Charles.

The saxophonist went on to point out that the third-chair cornetist in the Goldkette faction was none other than the late and famous Leon Bismarck "Bix" Beiderbecke, and it appeared that Rapp's final admonition to his forces ran somewhat like this: "Look, gents, this gang we're up against tonight is a very tough combo and, if it's all the same to you, we aren't going out of our way to try to give them trouble." So for an hour or more Rapp's cohorts dealt out steady debutante music, and the Goldkette aggregation played a good many of those romantic Challis arrangements of perfumed memory. So peaceful were the relations between the ostensible rivals, indeed, that after a while Rapp was emboldened to suggest to his squad that they might try their version of the old stomping favorite "The Milenberg Joys."

"So Rapp played 'The Milenberg Joys,'" our saxophonist told us, "and while he was doing it Goldkette began to look sore. He began to look sorer and sorer. So finally he says to his boys, 'Listen,' he says, 'if that's the kind of thing they want, that's the kind of thing they get. Give 'em Tiger.'"

"So," the saxophonist concluded, "Goldkette give 'em Tiger. And Rapp packed up."

I suppose that two of the most striking events in modern cultural history were the rejection of Marcel Proust by the late André Gide, as editor of *La Nouvelle Revue Française*, and the decision of Rudi Blesh, as reported in his "Shining Trumpets," that Bix Beiderbecke really did not play jazz music. I've forgotten what word Rudi found for it, but I will settle for Nutting-on-the-Charles. You may now have thirty-six sides of the phenomenon on three LP discs (Columbia GL507, 508, and 509, $4.85 apiece). These represent mostly the old Okeh and some of the old Columbia masters. GL507 is devoted to the small band known as Bix Beiderbecke and His Gang, GL508 concentrates on the larger Frank Trumbauer combination, while GL509 has more of the same and a few of the sides Bix made with Paul Whiteman—including the especially famous "Sweet Sue." The only way I could name favorites would be to list most of the thirty-six, so I will content myself with repeating what so many people have said for so many years: that Beiderbecke was a ravishingly discreet and forceful improviser,

Mildred Bailey—"easy and relaxed."

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with lovely melodic gifts and a plangent, golden attack; he was a summation of the virtues we mean when we use the words refinement or purity. He has left no school, in the sense that Louis Armstrong or Roy Eldridge or Dizzy Gillespie have schools. Beiderbecke's particularly chaste kind of syncopation does not seem to have appealed to the younger men so much as the more florid styles of the others mentioned. But the boys who would like to play as he did are still numerous and, if they have often gone off on other tangents, they have nevertheless helped to make him an American legend.

I HEARD him only once in the flesh. It was the last night the great Goldkette team played together, in the Roseland ballroom on Broadway around 1928. In the end Goldkette gave them Tiger, and that is pressed in my memory book. I was luckier in the matter of Mildred Bailey, who survived Beiderbecke twenty years and died last December. The large image of Miss Bailey and the impression of her small and warmly magical voice are very clear, and the voice may be startlingly recovered on a superb new LP (Decca DL5387, $3) which contains eight of her finest interpretations —"Rockin' Chair," "Sometimes I'm Happy," "Georgia on My Mind," "More Than You Know," "All Too Soon," "Everything Depends on You." "Lover, Come Back to Me," and "It's So Peaceful in the Country."

It is fitting to talk about Bailey and Beiderbecke together, for they were of the same lyric school and moved in large measure among the same musical friends. And any reference to their many stylistic similarities can only draw ultimate attention to the fact that, in both cases, this was music made with love. More and more, as the world din grows louder and the sensational pressures mount, the classic American jazz masters sound out for the songful souls they were. The music which at first seemed like chaos to unacquainted ears, in the period of World War I, is now clearly heard as a heartfelt business. And there is the paradox that some of the most agitating jazz of the Twenties now sounds marvelously easy and relaxed by comparison with the rhythmic violence so frequently organized today. From Mildred Bailey and Bix Beiderbecke you will hear nothing that speaks of routine commercial competition, or musical faddism, or novelty effect, or eardrum smashing. You will hear some of the finer examples of native American song produced in the years before these hypersensitive artists went to their early deaths.

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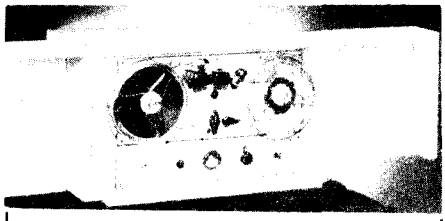

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Music Without Notes

OBSERVE the power of the press as an instrument of reform. Sixteen months ago, when Columbia released its first LP recital by the French baritone Pierre Bernac and the pianist-composer Francis Poulenc, some acid remarks emerged from this quarter apropos the paucity of information on the jacket. It was observed that the songs of Poulenc mate text and melody with intense precision, and that to be ignorant of the former (at least in synopsis) is to deny oneself the full impact of this composer's considerable art. It was further observed that Columbia had treated the record collector ill by neglecting to include texts of the poems to which Poulenc had set his songs, and the suggestion was implied, if not expressed, that amends be made next time.

With the release of a second Bernac-Poulenc recital (ML 4484, $5.45), "next time" is now at hand—and Columbia has fallen to the occasion with annotations even skimpier than before. Along with the earlier recording went, at least, some general remarks on the surrealist poetry to which Poulenc had been attracted, and the annotator saw fit as well to detail dates of composition and to translate the titles of the songs. This time there is nothing: no relevant information, no dates, no translation of titles, and of course no texts.

On the basis of all this, there is a temptation to refrain from recommending the record, except that this would do an injustice to the two artists concerned, who are at the top of their form in a well-contrived recital ranging from Chabrier to Poulenc by way of Debussy and Satie. Bernac's amazingly subtilized powers of vocal inflection are by now widely known and appreciated. Here they are employed to encompass such diverse expressions as the rollicking gusto of Chabrier's "Villanelle des petits canards," the cool classicism of Debussy's "Le Promenoir des deux amants," the bittersweet sentiment of Poulenc's "Tu vois le feu du soir." Call Bernac a *diseur* rather than a singer if you will; he remains, none the less, without a peer among practising recitalists in his ability to project the quintessence of French song. This latest recording captures his artistry well—but it would be that much more desirable with complete texts, or at least with adequate annotations.

Some belated attention has been paid to Gabriel Fauré's Sonata No. 2 for Violin and Piano, a work of far greater stature than the much-played, Franck-derived Sonata No. 1 composed forty years earlier. As so often happens, the efforts of rival companies have run in a parallel direction, with the result that the collector of Fauré now has his choice of two interpretations of this hitherto neglected score. My own vote goes to Daniel Guilet and Gaby Casadesus (Polymusic PRLP 1008, $5.95), in preference to Ruth Posselt and Joseph Rezits (Festival LP 70-203, $5.45), by virtue of their more sober, understated interpretation and also of the reproduction, which avoids the echo-ridden, inflated sound conjured by Festival. Polymusic caters further to the Fauréphile with a coupling of the Piano Quartet, Opus 15, and the Second Sonata for Cello and Piano (PRLP 1007, $5.95). In the quartet Gaby Casadesus and members of the Guilet ensemble perform in a manner well attuned to the idiom, though drab in tone when compared with the Rubinstein-Paganini interpretation issued by RCA. Drab is the word for the cello sonata too, at least as set forth by David Soyer and Leopold Mittman.

THE pairing of Ravel's "Miroirs" and "Gaspard de la Nuit" offers forty minutes of pianistic scintillation and an impressive index to this composer's mastery of kaleidoscopic keyboard writing. As performed by Leonard Pennario (Capitol P-8152, $4.98), however, the totality is less meaningful than one has the right to expect. Pennario has the technical address to cope with the digital steeplechase set by Ravel, and at isolated moments he plays with compelling beauty. But the net effect lacks the undulating shimmer, the rhetorical rise and fall with which Gieseking can invest this music.

Ordinarily, there would be no cause to comment on yet another interpretation of the "Introduction et Allegro," by Ravel, but in its latest manifestation it is played and recorded with a brilliance unapproached in the previous versions. Ann Mason Stockton, harpist, and an ensemble of Hollywood instrumentalists account for this and the overside "Danses Sacrée et Profane," by Debussy (Capitol L-8154, $3.98). Also highly recommendable is the Vronsky and Babin playing of Debussy's "En blanc et noir" (Columbia ML 4470, $5.45), an imaginative recreation of a score which does not yield its secrets easily.

—ROLAND GELATT.

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THE OTHER SIDE

(IMPORTED RECORDINGS)

LONDON.

THE past four weeks have brought with them many more signs pointing to an autumn release date for EMI's first long playing records. Recording artists have been discussing their LP repertoire, cover designs have been comissioned, and Columbia's April list contains—save for a Danish recording of Bach's "Chromatic Fantasia and Fugue," which was already available on the "Special List"—nothing but single-record issues. Despite all this, we still await that official announcement which alone can put an end to all our conjecture and speculation, an announcement which appears to lead a "just around the corner" existence.

Among the monthly releases the long playing issues of Decca and Nixa are assuming a more and more dominant position. From the Decca stable comes yet another label, new to LP though long honored in 78 rpm circles, that of Telefunken, whose first list comprises five discs by the Grand Orchestre Symphonique de l'INR Belge, Bruxelles, under the direction of Franz André. Most of these have already been issued in the USA by Capitol, although some appear to have been newly dubbed from the original tapes. Nixa's April list is its most impressive to date (on paper at any rate, since its production tends to lag some way behind its publicity), and is chiefly devoted to Haydn Society products, including "Idomeneo" and "Don Giovanni," as well as Haydn's "Orfeo ed Euridice" and a number of shorter works. Also listed is a new Period recording of Purcell's "Dido and Aeneas" featuring a Dido from Sadlers Wells, a Belinda from Covent Garden, an Aeneas well-known on oratorio platforms and a body calling itself the "Stuart Chamber Orchestra and Chorus," which, according to American catalogues, hails from London. It might appear strange when I state that no London music-lover of my acquaintance has ever encountered such a group in a concert hall, but we must remember that fiction has entered the long playing arena on more than one occasion.

Much of this make-believe can be traced directly to the failure of our Musicians' Union (a more powerful body than most of its Continental sisters) to come to terms with any but our long-established companies. Thus the London Baroque Ensemble is allowed to record for Parlophone (a member of the EMI group) but, in order to complete his Westminster schedule, Karl Haas now has to take his principal players to Paris (with the full blessing of that same union) where the ensemble will be completed with French musicians. As far as recent USA issues by Allegro's "Hastings Symphony Orchestra" are concerned, my information leads me to doubt whether any of its members have ever been to Hastings in their lives; indeed many of them may well be hazy regarding its whereabouts! Thus far Allegro has hesitated to release any of these recordings in England, fearing perhaps that some good citizens of the seaside resort might take a dim view of what was done in their name.

If the present crazy set-up makes some form of make-believe unavoidable, it would surely be far more amusing to delve into literary fiction and invent, say, a Barchester Philharmonic Orchestra or a Puddleby-on-the-Marsh Glee Club (with due apologies to the devotees of YOUR LITERARY I.Q.). Yet even our wildest fancies cannot compete with the fact that some Baroque organ music issued by Nixa was recorded by Walter Supper at Ochsenhausen and at Rot an der Rot!

HMV's April list contains four concertos: Beethoven's No. 3 in C minor, wherein Moiseiwitsch and Sargent (the Philharmonia Orchestra cannot be blamed) display a truly astonishing lack of interest and perception; "Brandenburg" No. 6, which is worthily played by the Chamber Orchestra of the Copenhagen Palace Chapel under Mogens Wöldike as well as delightfully recorded; Haydn's D major Cello Concerto; Martinu's Double Concerto for two string orchestras, piano, and timpani. The Haydn, lately restored to its rightful author (having for some time been attributed to Anton Kraft) is given with the enlarged orchestration of Gevaert, but the performance by Pierre Fournier and the Philharmonia under Kubelik is so enjoyable that few of us will wish to assume the mantle of the purist. The same orchestra and conductor are also heard in Martinu's athletic though hardly endearing composition, which is, by the

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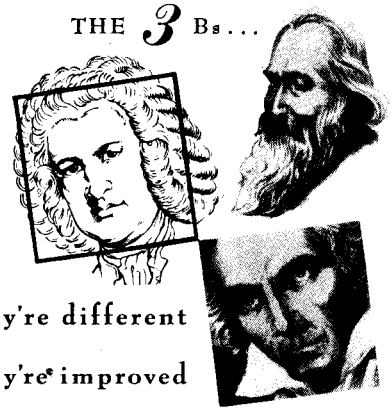

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way, the first work by the Czech musician to become available on records in this country. Wagner's "Siegfried Idyll," on the other hand, cannot be said to have been neglected by the recording companies, but Guido Cantelli has coaxed from a section of the Philharmonia Orchestra a performance of such ravishing quality that we cannot really grudge the piece yet another place in our catalogues.

The Schnabel Memorial Edition has now presumably reached its end with the reissue of Beethoven's Sonata in F sharp, Opus 78, which used to form part of Vol. I of the Sonata Society. Included in this set is the famous "Rondo a Capriccio," Opus 129; Schnabel's playing here may shock some people, for there are wrong notes galore and the rhythm is at times anything but steady, yet it is difficult to escape the impression that this is the way Beethoven might have played it himself when venting his "rage over a lost penny." Menuhin and Kentner continue to work their way through Bach's violin and keyboard sonatas; the latest issue brings us No. 3 in E major, a lovely work and excellently recorded, though I do not greatly care for the pallid romanticism of the performance.

Columbia's list contains the admirable Danish recording of Bach's "Chromatic Fantasia and Fugue" referred to above. The performance by the harpsichordist Liselotte Selbiger is distinguished, if somewhat detached in spirit. Kletzki and the Philharmonia give an excellent account of another Berlioz overture, "Le Corsaire," without quite approaching Beecham's rousing performance. Gieseking is heard in Handel's Suite No. 5 in E for keyboard (it concludes with the famous "Harmonious Blacksmith" variations), and Louis Kentner has unearthed some more unfamiliar Liszt—a Nocturne entitled "En rêve" and a somber piece called "Richard Wagner (Venezia)," which was obviously written when the news of Wagner's death in Venice reached the composer, but hardly seems worthy of such an occasion.

Rounding off the April list we have two splendid contributions from Parlophone—Bach's A minor Violin Concerto, which is beautifully played by Szymon Goldberg and the Philharmonia Strings under Süsskind, and Mozart's superb E flat Serenade, K.375, in an outstanding performance by members of the London Baroque Ensemble directed, as always, by Karl Haas. This is wind playing of the highest excellence; even in the final Allegro, which is taken at almost breakneck pace, everything is under perfect control. —THOMAS HEINITZ.

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Letters to the *RECORDINGS* Editor

Schnabel and the Maharajah

SIR: I thought it would be interesting for your readers to learn something further about the status of the late Artur Schnabel's compositions, which I mentioned in a past article in RECORDINGS [*SR* Sept. 29, 1951]. During his last recording session, Schnabel heard some remarkable piano playing coming out of an adjacent studio, and inquired who was performing. He was informed that the player was Nicolai Medtner, working on a project underwritten by the Maharajah of Mysore. "Who is this generous Maharajah, and why don't you tell him I also compose?," Schnabel bantered.

This remark, thrown out in jest, was destined to find an echo. It transpired that the Maharajah, in his celebrated record collection, had every Schnabel record and was delighted to hear that some compositions existed which he could add (at his own expense). Though the works of Schnabel require more than ordinary preparation, the Maharajah was not deterred by the price of about £2,000, and authorized the project. In short, a recording of the Schnabel "Symphonic Rhapsody" now exists under the direction of Paul Kletzki, of which some copies have found their way to New York and have been broadcast on Station WQXR.

CESAR SAERCHINGER.

New York, N. Y.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *If previous practice prevails, the records should soon be on sale in one of the import shops, a matter of interest to all devotees of Schnabel.*

Stravinsky Rarities

SIR: Stravinsky is so well represented on recordings already that it does seem terribly ungrateful to ask for anything more, but I wish there were some way of calling the attention of an interested company to the Symphony in C (1940), which has not yet been recorded; also the charming "Pulcinella Suite" has never been done in full, except in the violin version as "Suite Italienne."

FRASER MACDONALD.

Toronto, Canada

EDITOR'S NOTE: *The attention having been called, we only hope there is an interested company in the house.*

Flagstad LP's

SIR: A recent issue of *Disques* discloses that, thanks to La Voix de Son Maitre, French record collectors can now buy in LP form both the "Annunciation of Death" scene from "Die Walküre," and Brunnhilde's "Immolation" as sung by Flagstad. Is there any reason to hope that RCA Victor will oblige by making these highly desirable recordings available here on microgrove?

DAVID M. JENNESS.

Greenville, S. C.

SIR: Now that the voice of Kirsten Flagstad can be heard only on recordings is there any hope for LP's of "Alcestis," "Dido and Aeneas," more Grieg songs? How about the four songs with orchestra which the late Richard Strauss dedicated to her?

MRS. LOREN ERIKSON.

Minneapolis, Minn.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *RCA sources report interest in the "Immolation," when a coupling is available. The "Announcement of Death," 'tis said, has technical faults. Other matters are in the "pending" file.*

Laurel for Lieberson

SIR: If for nothing else than an excellent public-relations program, Columbia deserves some sort of an "Oscar" for its responsiveness to those who have asked for such treasures on LP as "Chants d'Auvergne," the Weingartner Beethoven and Brahms, etc. . . . Perhaps enough momentum will be gathered for the following:

THOMSON-STEIN: "Four Saints in Three Acts."

BRITTEN: "Serenade for Tenor, Horn, and Strings."

PERGOLESI: "Stabat Mater" (Kathleen Ferrier).

WILLIAM J. ELLIOTT.

New York, N. Y.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *Since Columbia already has an Oscar (Levant), another would be superfluous. However, RCA has done a considerable service in this area also, and might well reissue "Four Saints" in view of its current revival. As for London (Britten and Pergolesi), its policy seems to be to re-record, rather than to reissue.*

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HERBERT RAUCH.

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EDITOR'S NOTE: *The actual life of diamond styli for microgroove use is by no means determined yet. Most people would regard a thousand hours as less than their expectation. Certainly the signs of wear should be audible before they harm more than a record or two, so it would seem reasonable procedure to use the diamond until it gives clear proof of deterioration.*

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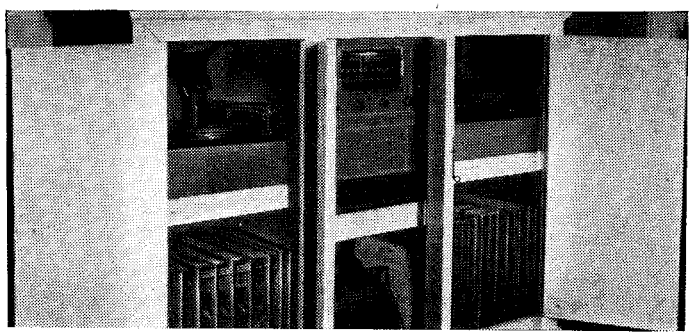

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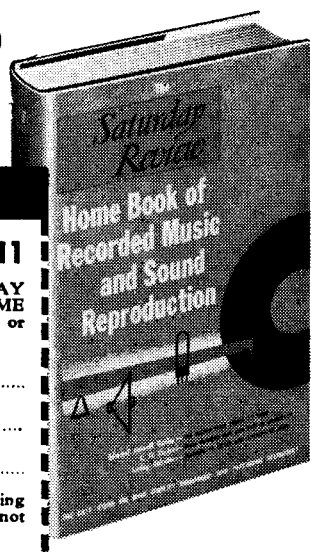

THE EXPERTS

IRVING KOLODIN is Editor of *The Saturday Review* Recording Section; a former music critic for the *New York Sun;* and author of *Guide to Recorded Music* and *Metropolitan Opera.*

EDWARD TATNALL CANBY conducts a regular record column in both the *Saturday Review* and *Audio Engineering,* and attracts a large following with his weekly broadcasts.

C. G. BURKE, for twenty-five years a recording enthusiast and owner of one of the country's outstanding collections, was record reviewer for *The American Mercury* before joining the *Saturday Review.* He is a frequent contributor to *High Fidelity* magazine.

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